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This is a site for my own writing, which I've put into musical audio book format. If you wish to save an offline copy of anything on this website, please feel free. Using a tape deck is a good way to save internet radio onto cassette. If you don't have a tape deck, audio recording software will allow you to capture the stereo mix, of whatever is coming from your computers speakers. That way will work, too.
Tags: art of writing, audiobooks, commodity, innovation, inspiration, light energy, lighthouse, music, natural cosmos, nature, new thought, past light, piano, the within, visualisation

a writers mindJul 9, '11 8:57 AM
by Greg for everyone
A WRITERS' MIND

WHEN, ONE WISHES TO DISCERN, within his or her 'writers mind,' and the wisdoms, of his years... he or she might go unto the empty page, with an insight, and a single-pointedness, and just then see, and perceive... that which he or she feels led, to write. Across ones life, he or she will find himself, to be his own best friend... and sole confidant. This path 'Begins early, starts young... travels, and travels... discovers... attains.' So, and it's always, been these small, crafty discoveries... a new handmade thing... a new creation... which both sustains, a person, gracefully, over spaces of time... and can lead, in time, unto marketable skills... which, both build self-esteem, within, and lend credo, and respect, from those about. So, to think otherwise, is nonsense. When a child, is encouraged, and praised... 'What a nice sketching, that is!' ...he or she can grow, to embrace the arts and crafts... in time to identify, himself with the creative process. Cherishing, a growing collection, of original works, he or she entertains, simply, 'all of time,' as a community of creators, and crafters. The 'elesyial field,' finds itself, wherever he or she fastens his hopes and dreams... art history, is such a fascinating study, for an artist or writer... one feels kinship, and closeness, with any person who has ever lived... cave mural painter, in a leather loincloth, or Michaelangelo, with his Sistene ceiling, or Piet Mondrian, with his multi-faceted color harmonies, on canvas, or Jackson Pollock, with his drip-paintings. There, is no real distinction between 'antiquity,' and 'modernity...' only an linear progression. Advances, inventions... re-discoveries... an gradual revolution, up from shadows. So, these are things which this 'writers mind,' finds, tonight. Wondering, if we'll get rain, later in the evening.... I ponder over these new language symbols... while continuing, to write. Weighing, this language... I am amazed, at how, it's from within shadows, that quality writing, most readily comes forth. It is also, from within, that miracles can flow... as many, many souls, go a lifetime, without awakening, unto the ever-present oceanic now.... 'As we seek, so shall we find,' being the working mantra here... but anyways, I'm glad to be writing, tonight. The dreams and fantasys we entertain, as children... the sometimes, obstacles, to healthy development... when seen with mature perspective... might very well, at times, have been innocently led down false paths, only to form, in adulthood, a greater faith, in what makes ones' life unique, and special... that which one does have. So, cherishing, only the good, of oneself, embracing ones flaws, too... he or she can gradually send, progressive gratitudes, for a full cornucopia... this or that years' 'art noveau,' as he finds, for himself. The inner topography, my mind finds presently... I've wanted to save, a photo and article, from an science journal, this past week... about an particular Himalayan grasshopper, found only therein... which has chameleon powers. When the temperature climbs above fourty degrees, it changes from black, to a beautiful turquoise... which could easily pass for a piece of the real stone. This, has got to be, one of

the natural worlds,' most brilliant expressions... the ability, to look like a semi-precious stone... when it's warm enough, for hikers to be sightseeing... taking in the scenery, you would hate to pass up turquoise... which could be taken home... placed on the mantle, in a prominent place. But, it's really just a grasshopper. They just want to show off, I guess... to revel, in their warm-weather clothing. Just thought I'd pass this along, to yourself. "When I feel good, I shine like a gemstone. Won't you stop and have a look at me?" Looking for the homeward path, from this 'Dream Cavern,' now, I begin, to make my way, back toward the sunlight above ground. As the present time, progresses into tomorrows' future, how can we avoid the pitfalls, and stumbling blocks, which so frequently trip ourselves up? How can we hold unto the narrow path... which can, at times, be un-even, and rocky... catching ourselves, should we stumble, or twist our foot, upon the rocky ravines? One carries a staff, or risks a fall. 'Stay on trail... don't go far from the path... it might be hard to rediscover.' So, this article, has come about, herein, in the space of this evening. My companion smiles, as 'journeys' end' nears. I am glad, and sustained, now, by the new, and can drift to sleep, in time. So, thank you, sunset, for so many wonderous dreams, tonight.

Attachment: G.R.N. Spirit Pages MESSAGEBOARD, 2010-2011 (7-9).pdf
Tags: new thought, commodity, lighthouse, inspiration, art of writing
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ideasJul 5, '11 9:51 AM
by Greg for everyone
As one wishes, to discern, within his or her being... the natures of 'past, present and future,' within his or her world... he is looking at a very complex picture. How, then, does oneself feel? So, how does the writer feel, at his or her present moment... the moment, chosen for writing... as one typically writes, when one feels like writing. So, being within a sullen, or bitter, or distracted, sort of mood, would be less appropriate, for successful writing. The whole idea, of stream of consciousness writing, is that, one doesn't have, a set topic, within which, to look... he or she just allows, him or herself, to attune, with the present. That which is present, within ephemeral dimensions, simply comes to light, readily, upon the page, and then can be fashioned, into an useful article, invention, or essay... through elaboration. What would be the individuals' present picture? Or, just looking at such effects, as the subtle light reflections... ones' relationships, amongst disparate voices, found within himself... ones' present sense of accuity, in discerning subtle differences... things such as his or her perceptual reactions, to warm, or cold language usage, as his mind, can fathom it... and things such as the differences, and flows, within the visual picture, involved in inputting, and writing, an essay. Ones' self concepts... and signals, from throughout the physical light body... are more or less comfortable, with his or her present sitting position... he or she finds his skin surfaces temperatures, to be cold, or warmer... the music, in the background, feels less or more accessable... sound perception is presently moodier, or blocked, or occluded, by bored feelings... or more or less, like a happy perception, therof... and so forth, all can be found. The simplest, easiest form of discernment, can come from the staying aware, and conscious, of ones 'interior responses,' unto topics within a conversation... or unto an simple arrangement of words, placed upon the blank page... seen after time has passed, since writing. We do this naturally... automatically - within, our responses unto global psychic insecurities. Just starting out, an article or essay, with an sort of simplistic, or easy thought, or phrase... like a simple hypothesis... letting time pass, and returning, later in the day, to elaborate, upon the initial thoughts... words will readily come... a sort of continnuum, of the conversation. We can do this, verbally, through looking at ones' own ranges of reactions, unto an array, of ideas and topics... and paying attention to, and being awake to subtlty. Perceptions... observations... are they worth having? The opinions, which can form, from week to week... are they healthful? Are they revealing? Or reassuring? There will often be those times, when ones' field of perception, is skewed, or distorted, by bias perceived from within ones' own self, or from others... This happens occassionally, in sorting through...

'separating wheat from chaffe.' Media writing, is such a fine, sometimes complex art, which requires, great skill... equinimity, poise, and self-responsibility, are key essentials --however, these elements, aren't always present, so one can be left with a tinted picture... colored, or altered, by faulty, or unnecessary information, or bias. People, are fallible... we're only human, after all. We can, however, 'be like water,' and play the feminine role. Letting ones' hand and pen, be moved by only higher power... one arrives upon, just that which is present, within ephemeral dimensions... one illuminates, the stone facade... shedding light upon, that which is there already. So, there is a sort of 'free energy,' flowing through the perceptual, and sub-perceptual realms... attuning, unto this can allow, the higher thinking, to make it onto the page... in the same way, wind flows naturally, down a canyon, or valley, or across a hill, hugging, the leeward slope.

Tags: innovation, audiobooks, inspiration, past light, art of writing
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overview : : from 2010Jul 1, '11 5:18 PM
by Greg for everyone
IN CONSIDERING, LAST WEEKS posting, of the overview, of u.f.ological topics... and my understandings, with them... the efforts, at finding positive meanings, from within this subject... in this modern age... I came, in retrospect, to see, that E.T., is like a collective doubt... which mankind, is occasionally affected by... and I think, importantly, I too, saw that... secret doubts, seem to chase every human success. I mean, we're only mortal... and must, it seems, struggle, and suffer, and strive for years, sometimes, years of blackest night... before, coming, into a place of greater understanding, and wisdom... this which can be chanelled, into a lasting establishment, and healthy responses. And, history reveals, that it's always been this way. Ancient scriptures, are full of tales, of 'dark nights,' of the soul, from which, eventually, springs the fount of great genius. Sages, speak of transformative journeys, of descents, into the depths, and a conquoring, or reckoning, with a shadow side... and re-emergence, into light... in other words, we cannot entirely remove, ourselves, from the time in which we live... the nature of existance, is a blending, of both dark and light elements... both the dense, and heavy... and the bouyant, and effervescent, do exist. I can't have one, without the other. The day divides the night... the night divides the day. Secret doubts, chase every success. And, it's the human condition, which is so frail, and tender... in the face, of these sometimes fierce, natural elements, and foes. So, to me, the best observance, of the E.T phenomenon.... is that the dream of the sages, has come into a realisation... and with it, a kind of an eleysium, of instantaneous communication, and travel... an evolution, of information society, into which just all light energy vibrations, ever placed on lasting media... tablets, discs... papyrus, and scroll parchment... illuminated manuscripts, from the invention of printing... all organized thought, from the dawn of recorded history... has been poured, and is readily accessable, from most any locale, on Earth. Thousands, of years of dream work... struggles, strife, oppression, poverty, hunger... the rise and fall of countless schools of thought, within the continuum, of this recorded epoch... is seen, in this very real light, of the present. And the u.f.o. data, makes me wonder... have we come this way before, previously in Earths history? Have civilisations, and industry and technology, arisen time and again, flowering outward, into an intricate, interconnected society, of information... only, to regard, itself, in the mirror, of the historical overview, of a postmodern consumerism... simply, are we the first people, here upon Earth, to have developed binary communication? So, lets be realistic. Society, is realised... this interconnected web, of binary technology... anamalous experiences, I guess, express, the unique perspective, of the human psyche... walking, between, earth, and sky... dwelling amidst past, and present, and looking into this mirror-like veil, which is as close as the tip of our noses, yet as far, as the moon, and stars. So, lest we become 'self fulfilling prophecy,' just remember, in thoughts of ufology... these, ultimately, are nagging doubts... of the sorts, faced by the teenager, on exam day... having spent large part of the year daydreaming, and

knowing, he must account, for the lessons he was exposed unto, but maybe didn't learn. These are the sorts of doubts, which hound after the engineer, whose bridge, he knows must hold up years and years of heavy traffic. Were the materials sound? Did the workers complete the task adaquately? Was his blueprint, both structurally sound, for the present... and able to bend and flex, in light of tectonic stress and strain? Will his companys' good reputation, survive? So, and as a civilisation, which has sent probes soaring to the outer fringes of the solar system, and beyond... which has placed human footprints, upon the moon.... which today, has unraveled the geneome, of mammoths, which lived 14,000 years in the past... you see, questions, run deep. So, my earlier collection, of u.f.o. related articles, were my most articulate reflections, and with these,an leaning against a large mysterious phenomenon, which modern man is party to... my unfamiliarity, with the topic, so vast and mysterious, and unexplained... let me, sometimes exercise, my poetic, expressive skills, and I think, it is the uncertainty, and unfamiliarity, with the factors, of u.f.ology, which lets one envision, along mythic lines.

Tags: audiobooks, inspiration, art of writing
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FISHTANK SUNSET : : 32 kbpsJun 23, '11 5:36 PM
by Greg for everyone
'If you find the sun to be setting on your life, lift it by the corner, and peel it up... it's just a decal.'

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ILLUSTRATION : : 1989-2011May 24, '11 1:37 PM
by Greg for group fountainspirit

Tags: natural cosmos, visualisation, inspiration
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integrative expressionMay 20, '11 8:48 AM
by Greg for everyone
As one goes to the empty page, in writing... the media, ballpoint, and language, become like unto a 'surrogate self...,' an 'separate peace.' Awareness, then is found to shift, from off of the aches, and pains, of this or that day... and grows more or less invested, within a new written article. This opportunity, one finds, for writing, is like unto a fullness, of spirit... the 'full-filling,' of ones physical, emotional, and spiritual self, such that words overflow, the senses... writer allows, words to flow through his stylus. Only now, does one find him or herself, within his element... functioning to full capacity. So, and the content, of his or her language... can take the form, of a subtle shepherding, and leading, of the reader, through an exercise, in tranquility... in quietude, which might begin, thusly... 'Ones breathing, forms the surface appearances, of his or her autonomic nervous system...' This is usually, an unconscious process.... but acquiring consciousness, of such, tonight, I observe, the gentle, rythmic cycling, perceived around my upper lip, and below, my nostrils. Air is pulled within,

as diaphragm, pulls downward... diaphragm pulls upward, as abdominal muscles, pull upon its top surface. Diaphragm is pulled downward, by underlying muscles, and air is pullled, again into lungs, through nostrils. This cycling is an continuous, subconscious process... one needn't try, ordinarily... breathing is automatic. One can readily imagine, also, the immense expanses of ocean depth... the atmospheric ocean, about, and above oneself... ones garments, and gear, are securely fastened, and streamlined, so as to allow smooth passage, throughout the day. I send myself, along my daily paths... and rejuvenate, my body, and human senses, within each new day. A morning rarely passes, without having some sustenance, and coffee... thusly, I clear the previous evenings' fog, and dross, away from my neural pathways, allowing the spirit, to ascend, along a new day. What shall I do, today? What dreams, will I follow? It can be helpful, sometimes, to just get pen flowing. Days, spent in divining, actually solving, my riddles, onto the page, are only small fraction, of the month... but these, are by far, most memorable... most existant, into future. So, today, I write. If one could step back, from the picture, seeing from a distance... accurate distinctions, between truth and falsehood, could be discovered. With perspective, then, one returns, unto the page. Then, so one is surely blessed, beyond measure. The ability, to sift, to sort through, surface appearances, and arrive, upon an unified expression... arriving upon an array of constants... this is intrinsically rewarding. 'To think that there is an all-powerful, yet benevolant guiding spirit, permeating the cosmos, is intrinsically, rewarding...' This message, seems to reach out, unto myself, in reviewing an previous audiobook. 'To harmonise, oneself, amidst the elements, tonight, is equivelant, to a new written essay.' The fabric, within myself, wishes, to express, onto the page, and be perceived, through my own eyesight, and mind. So, I allow, hand and pen to move, over my page. 'The Journey of Art,' has been discovered, by mankind, since before history began. Preserving, a moment, even within the shadows, playing upon a wall... this can bring an transformative splendor, unto the hum-drum mind, and self-hood. So, now you know, how a writer, will feel, commonly... to write, is to log onto, the future... pulling oneself, fully into an future time, is readily accomplished, as one adds, a new chapter, or two... for these are footsteps. So, in following, the sun today, I maintain, a steady pace, and stray not... neither to the left, nor the right. The paths through the days, and nights... might be circuitous.... but the written signs, and symbols... the writing, onto the page... remains straight. In my imagination, language, can serve, as counterpoint, and balance, unto the simple, commonplace, slow, moody rhythms, of music. So, music, to myself, seems to encapsulate, and symbolise, the ranges, and extant, of human illnesses and woe, of a life, 'born of fire...;' the language, which accompanies, and overlays, the music... therefore, is a transcendant uplift, and exaultation... stating plainly, a present atonement... basically, 'at one', with oneself. I have found, these things, for years... the two sides, to life... to experience... integrating the both, in an unified expression, is rewarding.

Tags: light energy, new thought, innovation, audiobooks, lighthouse, music, inspiration, art of writing
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AUDIO BOOKS :: 2004-2007May 17, '11 9:27 AM
by Greg for everyone
CONTENTMENT IS...

WHEN I START TO WRITE, MY MIND REALLY comes to a complete rest, and the sometimes frantic pace of daily activity goes inward... writing is really the philosophers stone for myself, and sometimes this is the only thing, which can really quiet my mind. I guess, I just prefer a place of inner vision, to the other, kind of unconscious or unaware sensation of, say, browsing the web, with its kind of inherent chaos, and tumult. Sometimes I just need a more grounded feeling than the rushing and lurking discomforts which plague the fringes of my mind during the flow of an average day. So, I love it.

And we're all looking for more of the sacred, in our lives. Sometimes, I just crave more poetry, in my existance. The world is just an imposing place to be all of the time, I look to slow down, and recall things such as my time and place within the natural universe. So, I struggle with blindnesses, or the feeling that I need a vision, every once in a while, to sustain my higher natures. I look, too, for the oceanic feelings, which I can get at some times. My mind has such a flat, or one-dimensional nature, so, I really see my inner visions as stepping stones to a much greater contentment. I guess it has to do with endorphins, and finding occasions to experience endorphin creation. The mind, seems to be the basic ground of this, and music is often the catalyst, for myself.
I like to set aside time each day, to just sit, and listen, to music. Doing nothing, thinking nothing, there is so much music that I feel can 'get me there.' And it's always different... but I know its important to really just meditate, for an hour or so each day, and in setting aside time for this, I find just so much rejuvenation, on a regular basis. This is a feeling of eternal youth, a feeling of lightness and total capability, which I resource. One realizes, then that there is really no place to go, or arrive at at all, everything is accomplished. Then I know I've had good meditation. And most anyone can do this, it happens all the time, when we're children. Getting completely lost in some simple activity, and so I gradually learned about the physical world, thru this. Restlessness, and boredom, is really the enemy of happy living. I am someone who lived with bad restless feelings all thru my 20's; at some point, I just looked and realized I was happy, naturally. So, this is when I began to really be more creative... physical or psychic discomfort pretty much nullifies the creative urges.
So often, there's a way the mind has of asking 'why?' Why are things the way they are? So, coming to terms with this has been important, finding real solutions to problems and vexes has led me far. As a child I always asked why, and importantly, I've been able to translate that sense of wonder and possibility straight on into my adulthood. Asking why just seems to be the natural key, both to the inner world, and the external. And having a knowing, that it's only thru this, that an individual can gain an actual and real picture, which can satisfy the questions, 'why do I feel the way I do?' 'why do I do the things I do?' So, parents, always reassure you children, above all, don't be afraid to ask why. The world was always so mysterious and wonderous to me, most of my questions pertaining to logic, and structure, have been answered, in part, thru writing, and the bringing of an inquisitive nature to writing.

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greetingsMay 2, '11 10:02 AM
by Greg for everyone
Greg here,
HI. Our home, was unscathed by recent storm... however, about five miles down the road, there's a nearly 1/4 mile swath, through the south side of my town. But here, we're allright, and the power company has restored our power today. So, and in the weeks to come, look for my as yet two-part 2011-2012 audio book, which is on the way. I have also received from my parents, my collegeiate portfolio, which has a plethora of original illustrations, and sketchings from the years 1989-1992, which I guess will eventually find their way onto this website. Anyways, all for now, take care.

Greg

RAINY

WEATHER

THE WAYS, AND TRENDS, of this... or most any day, can be generally ascertained, throughout the areas, of improvisational, and 'stream-of-consciousness' writing, music, and art of any kind. In discerning, within ones inner self... it sometimes seems, a great relief, to finally pick up pen and paper, and write. Sounding the depths... scanning, the heights... one resources, then the innate, 'natural wisdom...' profferred, from within the interaction of the now, with ones own self, upon the page... this being what is meant by the term 'gnostic,' to connote 'soul knowing,' or soul wisdom. As moments within oneself evolve, ones hand and pen move, sequentially, down the media, or notebook... so writing is self-revelatory, when especially, one has gone a distance, within, a sort of 'inner turmoil,' questing upon, the natures, of his or her, own plight... then to write, is to see answers, and possibility. 'Knock, and the door shall be opened... seek and you shall find,' is what the writer knows, within himself, as he or she has faith, in this thought, that 'God is good,' and so are also, people, about oneself, as in an ordered society. As the earth, and all life upon it, is constantly in flux, and change... it is increasingly important, to set forth handholds... to establish structure, and order. The forms, we set in stone, are so like, the interior decorations, and furnishings, which make a house, feel like a home... we continually, are distinguishing, ourselves, from the randomness, of the natural universe... the soil, water, flora, and fauna... nature, stays outside... we go indoors. Today, I get benefit, from putting my thoughts, upon the written page; the strength, with which words, begin to flow, onto the page, is information, about the time. I allow music, to accompany, my writing... and it isn't hard, to see from the quanta and quality, of the light, thrown off, from this present exercise, that times, are promising. My consciousness, from week to week, occasionally enters within a tunnel, of sorts... getting back, unto the brighter lands, and green pastures, is sponsored by, a patience... a perseverance, and a 'taking care...' and while never venturing, too far from home, this does provide, a rich source material, for writings... I enjoy, the constancy, and usualness, of this process. The natural environs, today... writer is looking for possible rain showers, by sometime later in the day... this may partly be my impulse, for writing today... as generally heightened psychic perceptions, usually accompany rain storms... our home, being on this mountain, our risk of severe weather, is slightly higher, and so therefore, we're perhaps more conscious, of the weather, than those in low-lying areas. Writing, is usually a spin-off, of heightened, or exaggerated perceptions. While, one doesn't always know, quite what is affecting, the psyche... reader can know, that each and every pronounced inner experience has some sort of reason behind it... whether, the reason takes a short paragraph, or a much longer essay, to describe, in words... whether, there is one single factor, or a multitude, of factors, such can generally be intimated, within stream-of-consciousness writing, music, or art of any kind. Water words, and rain metaphors, come to mind, tonight. 'Downspouts help send the water, out, down and away...' The spaces, within my inner ears, relay their presence, unto myself... the presence, of possible nearby evening showers. At another time, prevelance, of pleasant, easy moods, and sensations, make me wonder, 'have chances, for rain, lessened?' Exemplary, of the flow, of inner life tonight... I will occasionally save, a snippet, or vignette, from this or that journey. 'I feel, I must exert... or else cease to exist...' And so I write. Being, sometimes, more extant upon the page, than within myself, I exist more so, in the mind of the reader, than inwardly. So commonly, can feel a bit buffeted, and tossed about, upon the tossing, churning waves... but better to be floating, upon the surface, than drowning, beneath. The music, in my ears, sounds bright, and nourishing, like an spring rainshower. The constancy, of the simple, serene, well-balanced idea, or flowing, is well within reach. The bedside table lamp, fills my personal space, with suffuse amber glow. Summer thoughts fill my minds' eye... I am glad, today for the insightful, impressionistic dreams, this writing brings, as I am so deeply captivated, by the progressing now, that I find,

it's only through a 'fifth-dimensional' practice, like stream-of-consciousness' writing, or music... that I find myself... that I distill, the subtle effects, within my mind, upon the page.

LATER: The time being around 9:30PM, the rain and thunder, has about passed on, to the east. Rainwater, off of the tin roof, of our house, during rainstorms, tends to erode, and expose, the pebbles, chert... and anything, which the surface soil, has covered, over the years... this patch of pebbles runs in a shallow swath, along both front and back of the house. Earlier this week, as I gazed down, at the chert, and pebbles, around the air conditioning unit, in the back of our place, while smoking tobacco, and sitting upon the edge of the porch... I found two nice fossils, and a penny-sized geode, with an hollow center, and crystalline lining, I could see. The fossils were tube coral segments, of some sort, like might have been upon the floor, of an ancient, pre-historical ocean, or sea. The fact, that this house, is located upon the flat plateau, which stretches, along top of this mountain... to find coral fossils up here, is mind boggling. They must be old. An example, of natural, historical depth.

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When one wishes, to look within, he or she might begin a multi-dimensional practice, such as stream-of-consciousness writing, music, or design. Applying, ones paranoid critique, unto a simple flowing of words, onto the page... this can let his or her mind, ascend, a bit, from the shadows, and unknowns, as perceptual contrasts, prove enlightening, in a true sense. So, through writing, I can get a picture, of the self presently... when one can see, a problem, one can overcome it. 'If I can see it, I can transend it.' In externalising, ones language, onto a page... shaping, and forming words, into phrases, and paragraphs... ones' own inner self, becomes illuminated, by light from within itself, and one then sees the way home. Knowing, how to put one foot in front of the other... crossing distances of time, with patience, and grace... a new essay comes into view. This is of a gladness... arriving, at a place in space-time... same space... present time... allows clear, consice unambiguous thoughts, to form, upon the page. And, this is so rewarding. As, I sometimes wonder, as to stress factors... I love this 'illumining' of the hidden areas. The present moment... I am beginning, to find, a degree of closure, unto the first three months, of this new year. This is important, to myself, as 'stream-of-consciousness' writing, or music, must need a place, of knowledge... some experience... to really go forward. This, I guess is my chief concern, in passing lengths of time within inactivity, or 'non-doing...;' and such can be painful... at times excruciating... but these are surface factors, of a much deeper joy... an transmutation, of dark ignorance... into a knowing... altering, of murky unknowns... into a renewal, of grace, and being. So, do you see how time, is the best healer, the best teacher, there is? The tendency, is to forget what one is doing, and feel a discouragement, and frustration, at accomplishing very little, for what seems like centuries... but, I've learned, however, never to 'throw the towel in,' or even make show, of my exasperation... for one can know, solutions, and answers, are being found, and accomplished. 'Time, is alchemy.' How shall, I arrive upon, constants, within this world, of contrasts? When, I know, to find my craft tools and media... abandoning, perhaps rationality, and self-doubt... then, the placing of an question, or declarative thought, upon the page... just one sentence... and sitting patiently, within contentment and surety... yet questing... an essay will develop, within the space of an afternoon. Through, the making of an initial start, upon the blank page... the mind, gets busy, and an cogent, or eloquent thought, settles in, from lands above, onto the page. When one wishes, to look within, his or her mind, and imagination, he can start, by placing a few simple thoughts upon the page, and continuing, in 'stream-of-consciousness' fashion, to write, beyond the initial thoughts. 'While, I may have no idea, at what is affecting myself today, by looking into the now, onto the page, one might perhaps glean some insight. The secret, to this is, that when time has passed, within non-doing, a person 'knoweth answers...' perhaps, the specific answer... only such is submerged, within unconscious mind. When one sees consciousness, as being formed, of a multiplicity, of modules, or organelles, or sprites... consciousness, being

something, of a second-hand game... the unique concern, will speak subtly, upon request. When, we're able to consciously look for answers, within the subpsyche... through putting ones pen to the blank page... over time... thusly, the answers begin to come to light. So, when one can write, from an unassuming, and passive modus operandi... allowing pen to be moved, by only accessional power... playing the feminine role... is completely fulfilling. As I make my way through my life... I am at times clouded, by doubts; knowing to have patience, in allowing time to pass... muddy pool, returns to clairity... and comfortable, easy writing comes forth.

ICE AGE?

WHEN?

WHEN ONE WISHES TO LOOK BENEATH the surface appearances, of future lands... he or she can just place, a few words, in stream-of-consciousness fashion, onto an empty page... and see just what sort of article, wants to come to be, tonight, or anytime. See, then this... I might express, myself, into the future... time, will find, me there. Without having gone the distance, to purchase, a future essay... he or she might as well, be an undiscovered gemstone, far beneath, a mountain. Come to the light, within tomorrow, and you'll find yourself enlivened, and rewarded, by your own realised potential. When, I begin analysing, my present chemistry... I can arrive, upon constants... this can allow, the wheel within, to turn freely. While, I may not always, be sure, exactly where new writing, is going... I can easily put a few words together... and allow, myself, to flow. So, this is new writing. How might I arrive upon an unique expression... 'In leaping, from his or her stable perch... young writer, finds also, he or she can fly.' This or that, expression... within an unified flowing... appears, to hold, unto sensibility, and good sense... so then, I find, once again... myself exhilerated, within the new. I recently read a sobering collection, of writings... gathered, from the nether reaches, of modern Earth-time... There, may well, be no doubt, as to that which so frequently perturbs, my consciousness... what we seem to be feeling, and feeling, often pressed to transcend...best we can, is the apparent present warming trends, within the Earths oceans. As the ocean temperature warms, we're finding a good deal more precipitation, in the atmosphere, leading to more frequent storms. There, should be a winter not too far into the future, when the snow-pack is such that, the spring thaw, fails to melt it. The northern, and southern 1/3 of the planet, will both, then, eventually be like unto a permafrost, which simply accumulates, from winter to winter, forming in time, a deeper permafrost... perhaps, of depth of several thousands of meters. I mean, then think about it... would mankind survive? Probably not. We would have, probably, a cloud-shrouded planet... for the most part... and 2/3 of mankind, would probably not survive. Conditions within the remaining populace, might be fraught, with water rights battles, and famine. So, and there will probably be a trigger event, like a super volcano, such as is eventually predicted in the Yellowstone caldera, or some other such event, as a large metor strike, which causes an excess of dust to linger over much of the globe. Temperatures would rapidly drop, and the planet could be plunged into a winter, which could last 100 thousand years. So, feeling often pressed to quest, upon the now... at the very best, the ice age will arrive later, than sooner. So there's no doubt, about it... the total crisis, an ice age would present... isn't a 'possibility,' unless we fail to prepare... it's a fact, as Earths' 100,000 year ice age / temperate cycling, goes as far back into the past, as at least 1,000,000 years. (That means there have been at least ten successive glacial periods, with interglacial years, in between... that's a pretty constant cycling.) And we've been within an interglacial period, since the dawn of recorded human history... our records, don't really go back, beyond, the most recent glacial period. So, my doubts, about this, are more like certainties. So, is there any mystery, as to an coming ice age? I don't think so. It may just be later, than sooner. Like, yet 10,000 years into the future, before a cloudy-icy shroud for the planet... but with the amounts of storms, and precipitation, this past year has shown, the winters could get really wicked, pretty soon. And then, probably all you would need would be a trigger event. And this could happen very

easily, and soon. And then, it would become a real survival game, for all of mankind. Not thriving, just surviving. Thus, the constant prescience, we're finding. So, isn't that something, then, how this information, is common knowledge, to some folks... to others, it could seem shocking. This is the extent of the modern digital divide, which I think is a fault of our grade schools' failure, to bring computer literacy to rural kids curriculum. So there's much room for growth, here.

Tags: natural cosmos, light energy, audiobooks, lighthouse, art of writing, piano, nature
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by Greg for everyone

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Tags: audiobooks, lighthouse, inspiration, music, piano, past light
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rainy weatherApr 12, '11 7:43 AM
by Greg for everyone
RAINY

WEATHER

THE WAYS, AND TRENDS, of this... or most any day, can be generally ascertained, throughout the areas, of improvisational, and 'stream-of-consciousness' writing, music, and art of any kind. In discerning, within ones inner self... it sometimes seems, a great relief, to

finally pick up pen and paper, and write. Sounding the depths... scanning, the heights... one resources, then the innate, 'natural wisdom...' proffered, from within the interaction of the now, with ones own self, upon the page... this being what is meant by the term 'gnostic,' to connote 'soul knowing,' or soul wisdom. As moments within oneself evolve, ones hand and pen move, sequentially, down the media, or notebook... so writing is self-revelatory, when especially, one has gone a distance, within, a sort of 'inner turmoil,' questing upon, the natures, of his or her, own plight... then to write, is to see answers, and possibility. 'Knock, and the door shall be opened... seek and you shall find,' is what the writer knows, within himself, as he or she has faith, in this thought, that 'God is good,' and so are also, people, about oneself, as in an ordered society. As the earth, and all life upon it, is constantly in flux, and change... it is increasingly important, to set forth handholds... to establish structure, and order. The forms, we set in stone, are so like, the interior decorations, and furnishings, which make a house, feel like a home... we continually, are distinguishing, ourselves, from the randomness, of the natural universe... the soil, water, flora, and fauna... nature, stays outside... we go indoors. Today, I get benefit, from putting my thoughts, upon the written page; the strength, with which words, begin to flow, onto the page, is information, about the time. I allow music, to accompany, my writing... and it isn't hard, to see from the quanta and quality, of the light, thrown off, from this present exercise, that times, are promising. My consciousness, from week to week, occasionally enters within a tunnel, of sorts... getting back, unto the brighter lands, and green pastures, is sponsored by, a patience... a perseverance, and a 'taking care...' and while never venturing, too far from home, this does provide, a rich source material, for writings... I enjoy, the constancy, and usualness, of this process. The natural environs, today... writer is looking for possible rain showers, by sometime later in the day... this may partly be my impulse, for writing today... as generally heightened psychic perceptions, usually accompany rain storms... our home, being on this mountain, our risk of severe weather, is slightly higher, and so therefore, we're perhaps more conscious, of the weather, than those in low-lying areas. Writing, is usually a spin-off, of heightened, or exaggerated perceptions. While, one doesn't always know, quite what is affecting, the psyche... reader can know, that each and every pronounced inner experience has some sort of reason behind it... whether, the reason takes a short paragraph, or a much longer essay, to describe, in words... whether, there is one single factor, or a multitude, of factors, such can generally be intimated, within stream-of-consciousness writing, music, or art of any kind. Water words, and rain metaphors, come to mind, tonight. 'Downspouts help send the water, out, down and away...' The spaces, within my inner ears, relay their presence, unto myself... the presence, of possible nearby evening showers. At another time, prevelance, of pleasant, easy moods, and sensations, make me wonder, 'have chances, for rain, lessened?' Exemplary, of the flow, of inner life tonight... I will occasionally save, a snippet, or vignette, from this or that journey. 'I feel, I must exert... or else cease to exist...' And so I write. Being, sometimes, more extant upon the page, than within myself, I exist more so, in the mind of the reader, than inwardly. So commonly, can feel a bit buffeted, and tossed about, upon the tossing, churning waves... but better to be floating, upon the surface, than drowning, beneath. The music, in my ears, sounds bright, and nourishing, like an spring rainshower. The constancy, of the simple, serene, well-balanced idea, or flowing, is well within reach. The bedside table lamp, fills my personal space, with suffuse amber glow. Summer thoughts fill my minds' eye... I am glad, today for the insightful, impressionistic dreams, this writing brings, as I am so deeply captivated, by the progressing now, that I find, it's only through a 'fifth-dimensional' practice, like stream-of-consciousness' writing, or music... that I find myself... that I distill, the subtle effects, within my mind, upon the page.

LATER: The time being around 9:30PM, the rain and thunder, has about passed on, to the east. Rainwater, off of the tin roof, of our house, during rainstorms, tends to erode, and expose, the pebbles, chert... and anything, which the surface soil, has covered, over the years... this patch of pebbles runs in a shallow swath, along both front and back of the house. Earlier this week, as I gazed down, at the chert, and pebbles, around the air conditioning unit, in the back of our place, while smoking tobacco, and sitting upon the edge

of the porch... I found two nice fossils, and a penny-sized geode, with an hollow center, and crystalline lining, I could see. The fossils were tube coral segments, of some sort, like might have been upon the floor, of an ancient, pre-historical ocean, or sea. The fact, that this house, is located upon the flat plateau, which stretches, along top of this mountain... to find coral fossils up here, is mind boggling. They must be old. An example, of natural, historical depth.

Tags: natural cosmos, new thought, audiobooks, lighthouse, inspiration, art of writing
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concerns, of the dayMar 29, '11 9:30 AM
by Greg for everyone
CONCERNS,

OF THE DAY

WHEN ONE WISHES, TO LOOK behind the present moment... beneath, the surfaces, of immediate natures... he or she can access the natures, of poetry... sounding the depths, and scanning the heights, bringing loose ends, together... into an cogent, or eloquent expression, upon the page. This can be so rewarding, for myself... when sometimes, my mind feels so like, an 'twittering machine,' or contraption... or this or that psychic tension, builds, as chores and hard work, appears to pile up, within ones peripheral eyesight... I can usually, simplify, and lessen my workload, fractionally... by sitting still, with paper, and pen, and putting a few thoughts, upon the page. And, seeing this, tonight, brings, an uncommon kind of joy and verve, unto my heart... my hand writes, as the inspiration flows... a new essay is created. So, and this can certainly become the highlight of my day... so I do like making the most, of a writing session. I wonder, as to ways, and trends, future might show... so writing, is an excellent sort of means, to this. This, is a fulfillment, in itself, as one weighs, the relationships, he or she can see... in putting thoughts, upon the page, just a multitude of perceptions, are formed, as words become written, onto my page. Man, oh man... at the lightness, of the ball point pen, as this article 'writes itelf.' How might I, a writer, best approach writing, then tonight? Well, mainly, in the bringing of disparate ideas, into the smoothest possible flow, and allowing experience to show the way. So any way, I can help, I will be glad to. Having patience, to write, can be, like a mediation, or moderation, of a discussion session... or the hammering out, of an amendment or agreement. One thought, or another might, of itself, lead nowhere, but, it's in the ways, the wheel turns... first from blue, to red, to green, to yellow... and back again... and how the conversation gets about... within the theme of completed, quality essay, or article... a quality flowing, down the page, that I find this writers' fulfillment. So, this is a pleasant, task... working, for a boss, you love dearly -- yourself-- working for ones' own self improvement... taking my own discussion further along, and in an engaged, sort of way, (not being a victim, of an unpleasant mind, or experience, taking initiative... grabbing ones own reins... having a voice) ...since the things I've listed, are considered virtuous, in my culture... seeking to empower, the individual, is part of the Western values, today... ...so such can also, be an enterprise, a venture. These things I have found. I wonder... as have others... 'Will computer intelligence, outstrip human intelligence? Well, will the critics, beat the artist? Will the harsh, cynical, stringent, bitter perceptions, of this conflicted, (yet somehow unified,) age play havoc, with those who would but offer hope, and comfort? Anyways, these are questions, which can be found, in surveying the lands, tonight. 'Whyn't we acknowledge, the divine within ourselves, and know, without doubt, nothing else can encompass, such wide patch of time, distance, and meaning, in one idea. So, and this is such, a relevant message, for those sober enough, to acknowledge, the Theosophical perspective, which I once found dubious... 'Place no faith, in miracles, which contradict, the laws of nature...' ...Only, too, acknowldge the great apparent power of overarching, animistic vision, within weightless vacuum, of Eternity... over inertia,

and mass. That seems like logic, enough for myself. Yet still the doubt is there... as known computer simulations, might show the course, as future should show, (Asteroid Appophis has good chance, of grazing through Earths' upper atmosphere, on its return visit in 2036. It could be argued, that human potential, is to state it plainly, far from fulfilled.) So, in joining hearts and hands, with another kind soul, tonight... sounding the depths... scanning the heights... weighing the contrasts, found onto the page... better than hope, is faith, and confidence, and if that's what I feel, and know... then my mood, is improved... and that can make all the difference... as perceptions, can be so important... change ones' perceptions, with a hot cup of tea, and writing... and you'll find, the elements, more and more harmonised, amongst yourself... the music sounds brighter, and therefore, an more positive experience. So, these are some thoughts, around this 'newness of perception,' found through writing. As, I have travelled a distance, without any real thought, or expression coming forth... I feel, that my mind is eager, and willing, to contribute, in some real way, unto the page... when guidance, is pretty insightful, then to allow, the writers voice, to shine through, the mists, is intrinsically rewarding... so blessings, appear abundant. And, at the end of the day, if I have finished new writing, and progressed, my conversation, a bit further, into brighter future, then I am all for this writing. And, these are relevant discussions... but, sensing, a general reluctancy, toward stepping out, overly within this writing... as I've a birthday, coming up in a few days, I'll keep it conservative, and bring this writing to a close. So, I hope someone, has been helped along their way.

Tags: natural cosmos, new thought, innovation, lighthouse, art of writing
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after the floodMar 15, '11 8:26 AM
by Greg for everyone
The news, of the devastating earthquake, and tsunami, in Japan, has reminded myself, of the fragility, of human life... our grip, upon normal life, is subject to many natural factors. Equally frightening, though not presently critical, is the rapidly deepening ecological crisis, presented by declining honeybee numbers... aren't we just all in the same boat, anyway? I started, this writing, thinking onto the page, over the sometimes tenuous grip, had by mankind, upon existance, here on the crust, of the Earth.... our resiliancy, and adaptation, has faced many tests... as sometimes, the very ground, tries to shake us off. Collectively, I think since the 1980's, Western media, has been so swamped, by dire predictions, and ominous stories, and statistics... (maybe more, than we know what to do with...,) such as Earths' poles shifting... 'Planet X' returning... AIDS... and 'holy war...' that our traditionally keen forsight, and envisioning ability, and planning, has become atrophied, lazy, and myopic... it can be hard, to see through the flood, of doomsaying. Digging, beneath the surface, looking behind, apparent natures, is amazingly very reassuring! So, when, one wishes, to peer beneath, the surfaces, of his or her mind, he can start, by simply placing a few words, upon the page, afore himself. Does one then, feel any better? Does looking at new writings, give a positive effect? So, just to place, a few thoughts, upon the page, is then like a glimpse, into future lands... certainly times of less strife, less indecision. So, while ones present moment, is somewhat unfocused, and diffuse... moving into the future, can't help but be an improvement. So, pondering over, my mysteries, tonight... thinking on, how sometimes, it's just some little side-note, which un-binds my imagination... allowing freedom, within that which might otherwise be a stymied mind, tonight, I scan back across, recent memory... one wonders, how the present day, will gradually right itself... but I know, such an event as an earthquake, or tsunami, leaves only suffering.... which heals, only with time. It's only time... which can illuminate, a better future... and only time... through which we solve the puzzles... and which can allow, the wheel, to turn... muddy pool, returning to clairity. So, in thinking over dreaming animals... I have memories, of the past. How might I 'make the connection,' I most want to make... I wonder will I be able, to see, the truth? Or, will the secret, just be an unseen ghost... invisible, to my senses? Oh, the blessings, we can

find, as we learn to say, 'Thy will be done, oh Lord.' Show me how to hold tightly, onto the secure paths... to remain firm, throughout the shifting sands, and winds, of change. Sometimes, strength is found, as we are most flexible... for it's the building which can bend, and sway, with change, which endures the tremor. As the world turns, around ourselves... and progress suredly advances, into the future... will we endure, the storms that may come, and will we continue, making the changes, we need to stay relevant? Yes, undoubtably, the waters will receed... and we'll time and again, try for the moon... so, finding the good sense, to keep composing well, is as much a function, of the always-evolving Now, as it is my own imagination... the two are interwoven, and partnered... writers, will write. I didn't know, that there was new writing, on my mind, tonight... had I not tried, I never would have known. But that's part of writing... learning the patience, to know, 'I should write here...' writing is an easy, intuitive answer, or response, to where one is 'at' today. A showing, of adaptation... as time has passed, completed writing, is cachet, and keys, to imagination. Thinking back, over the expression, which brought with it a smile... I am pleased, with the resiliancy, and good humor, which lets this writing come to be. Such, could have been old, in tone, and overly serious... but this effect, would have had less impact... as I would try and appeal, to readers, today... good humors, can make all the difference.
Tags: natural cosmos, new thought, innovation, lighthouse, art of writing
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to divine - to becomeMar 2, '11 10:03 AM
by Greg for everyone

In discerning, tonight, I begin a rhythm, by placing a few words, onto the page. The strength, with which, words begin to flow, is information, about the time. 'I have, today, journeyed inwardly, to arrive, upon my evening.' So now, sitting with pen and paper, I find, such a rush of language, onto the page. Already, I see, that there is nowhere to go, nor arrive upon, at all, save within this completed essay. When, I don't always know, just what will be covered, within this or another written aticle... such is coming to be, in the present... so, it's as if purely by 'stream of consciousness,' that I write. Sampling the language, from the surfaces of my mind, tonight, the present now, consumes my awareness. Paths and trails, lead back into the mists, of the woodland; ...choosing, a path to follow, is enabled through an conversational, easy, compass of soul, and language... as if sending my thoughts, into the mists, and being supported, and gently nudged, walked through this article. The cool air about myself, is responsive, like a sounding board... showing, a higher, more well-rounded, perspective. The mists, are a consciousness, within which I've melded, myself, tonight... I receive suggestion, as to this way, or that... my pen, moves down my page. When, I hope, to express, the simple truths, in the subtle turn of phrase, and the logic of the night... I reflect upon dream-states, as my consciousness, anticipates, the evening. This, too, is eleysieum. Our eyes, so wish, to peer within the mind... to touch and hold, the intangible... to shed light upon, and harmonise within, the hidden, underlying formulae, through which the balanced mind, is allowed, through which it is mediated, far into the future. So, writing, from a trancy, blissful place, lets language ascend, along lines of the poetic. So, this is the sort of zest, that I enjoy most, I suppose... times when the mists, about myself, become the composer, along with my imperfect self, of an article... times when the writing, accomplishes itself. So, and this happens, occasionally... one finds oneself highly adapted, and entertained, within a new written article... whatever it may be... when, he or she then has travelled a distance, within... simply wearing the sackcloths... in the pain, sometimes the angst, of non-doing... well, he or she, is completely prepared, for writing. He's earned quality writing, through the labors, of the heart. So, to myself, this is perhaps why I love, some writings, and music, so much... because, it were composed, or performed, from within a trance-consciousness. When one wants to get to know, this or that day better... he or she can look within. So, looking upon the page... having no real criteria, for writing, this night or that, tends to let

one in on, the general directions, the breezes are flowing along... the ways, and trends, future might show. So, sometimes, drawing inward... consulting ones writers mind... can help one to feel more confidence, in navigating future waters, of his or her life. So, and isn't this, then important? When, 'as a man thinketh, so he lives,' positive thinking is important. While, our minds, are at times led to wander... we have clear goals, and aims, and so then, know our paths, are secure. That which is not-self, is not incorporated into ones life... only superficially... Using the sun, as guide, and compass... ones furrow, doesn't stray to the left or the right... but remains even, and constant. Metaphors, for mind... sometimes woodland... mists... vine... root... sometimes, gardening... the cornucopia, which graces, the grateful farmers dinnertable... the fruits of the spirit... having a craft, or discipline, such as writing, is an ongoing continnuum... one doesn't think much, ordinarily... but through the art of discerning paths, we find, yet, rich varied thought life, onto the page, and beyond. Knowing to look for stimulating, contemporary voices... believing whole-heartedly, in this thought, that people today, appreciate, still the written word... there'll be readers, for the insightful writer. Attuning, my senses, to the frequency, of this, or any day, isn't too difficult, for myself. I can usually make small adjustments, in my perceptions, of the air composition, within this day... by wisely interfacing, with the page, along a full-spectrum, of language usage. And too, my outlook, from this perspective, is improved, so much, by getting to the word processor. Remembering, to both sound the depths, and scan the heights, today... gives quality relationship, with the page. So, this is where, my mind is at today... looking, behind, is like a warmth... a comfort... a tapestry, of days and nights... leaving behind, the density, and coldness, of the winter months... and on course, for the seasonal rebirthing, which spring brings. Natures' cycles, and constants.... In relating to the unchanging, we still are amazed, and filled with wonder, at the diversity, and fullness, of the natural world. Truely, nature is a second opinion. She's shown, herself to be in favor, of contact with the profferances, I might offer... this, I can discern, through feeling her positive vibes, today, and the closeness in proximity, she shows. So, in addition, to human observances, and value assessments, I might consult, the local fauna. Testament, unto the acquired ethos... of playing, the shadows, and allowing only the feminine role, within writing... I can't impose, upon nature, my human ways... I can only accept her daliances, as I find them to be.

Tags: new thought, lighthouse, inspiration, art of writing
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innovation, as commodityFeb 24, '11 6:47 PM
by Greg for everyone
INNOVATION,

AS COMMODITY

THERE ARE TECHNIQUES, AND MODALITIES, for allowing oneself, temporary release, from 'the hum-drum,' or the sameness, of ones home or work environment... seen over time. Visualisation techniques, can be useful, for lessening, the tension headaches, which accompany my living; as people have got to live together, ones imagination, can be an important tool. I have come, to think of these sorts of ideals, and tools, and methods, as something like, 'whirly-gigs...' inventions of mind... Something like, the particular coined invention, which goes something like, 'all of space and time, is one ever-connected, inter-evolving whole,' which simply, causes one to stop, and think... helps the distracted mind, to resume 'lotus-like,' appearance... and assists in, the bringing forth, of a blissful state of consciousness. Or, as an imperative, in the seeing, of an invention, like a meditation technique, as real commodity, through which the dharma scribe, keeps good standing, and favor... in addition, to healthy living. So. Or, as another example, which I've found... the ways the ''very small,' loops around, to shake hands, with the 'very big...'' esoteric with exoteric... earth with sky... as this illustration, can be evocative, of the double-helix, which, through a

developing fetus, implies an fully developed, living organism. So, over the years, I've found, more than a handfull, of handy devices, and gadgets, for the mind... I tend to choose, from them, or invent new ones... as the mind travels, throughout its usual evolutions, which I've grown to understand, are always perceived, as something completely anew, unto ones past inner experience... at least for a time. Does center of consciousness awareness, reside, more in the eyesight... or within the sense of hearing... or the voice area... the way, these neural structures, and sprites, are seen, to be morphed, and shaped... by the eventides, on any given day... and sometimes, this can be like unto a downward frictional pressing... as if there were weights, looped over, ones inner ear passages, or inner sinus tissue... or more like a lateral pressing, inward... a sort of neural rhythm, brought about, by hyper-consciousness... of the ever-present subtle boundaries, between within, and without... and the subtle interactivity, self with surroundings... at this level. Ones voice, is like a scepter, which can be brought to bear, on social culture... ones digits, are certainly, means of completing daily housekeeping, and so forth... and, too, can be brought to bear, upon the composition, of a letter, to a friend. This hyper-consciousness... isn't this just the sense of boundary, which exists between self and others? Given ones tendency, to use tools, to alter, or change, present status... such stands, to reason, as being a sort of 'Byzantine Turf,' which is nothing less, than a proof, of the presence, of the consciousnesses, of others about oneself... even within solitude, in an otherwise empty room. Is this, then like the 'peer pressures,' which can cause the adolescent, to run with the group, or, more importantly... like the imperative, the internal impetus, for the entrepreneur, to innovate, and be innovative, in staying competitive? (Since, an insolvent business, or coorporation, is of no good use, for the president, of the coorperation... nor the society about him or herself, nor the economy, of the land, within which it dwells... if the books, can't be balanced... obviously, business minds, want to stay competitive.) So, and there are other visualisation techniques, which can be utilized... this such as the cognitive awareness, of both, the sense of the front, of ones folded hands... and the back... the top, and the bottom... the left and the right. Try, that, alone, putting yourself there, and you'll probably awaken, directly, unto a more thorough appreciation, of the self, within its personal space. In other words, there's a consciousness, of the spatial metric, immediately about, ones self; we might not always, be conscious, thereof, but it's there, nonetheless... ones etheric vehicle, perhaps... the aires about oneself. So, and as one engages, this greater self, cognitively, as a technique, you'll find you're inhabiting more of a full self-being, over time. So, the persons' hand, pointing toward the moon... is not the item, of prime importance... instead, ones eye follows, the hand, and connects, within awareness, with the moon... now, that's something to look at. So, and I like this sort of thought... which tends to suggest, or imply, this verse from the New Testament, which reads like... 'Wherever two or more of you are gathered, in my name, I am there also...' when one has entered, into mature avocation, then to be home, even home alone, or with ones tools, and materials... implies a higher, awakened presence, all about oneself... Seeing the dense, carbon-based, solid living being, with internality, then too implies, an inner figmentary realm, all about oneself. The two dimensions, of the coil... dense, and heavy... and inner, and figmentary. And, it just so happens, that our mind's, are portals... to esoteric, overarching, and overlapping minds, the world over... 'It's a small world, after all.' When, the world's a lot lot like a patchwork quilt... boundaries, can be firm, but they're not strict. All minds, are connected on some level. So, many of mine own inventions, of mind, are like, ways of allowing the spatial metric, about oneself, to engage oneself, as co-chair, or in partnership, within the ancesteral lands, about ourselves. And, then, to myself, this is highest aim, of the stream-of-consciousness writer... the eventual solving, of the riddles, of the heart... and growing, in understanding, and knowledge, of ones particular morphing, changing human-family relationships. So, I'll send this messageboard posting along, and trust, you can find, these simple things.
Attachment: G.R.N. Spirit Pages MESSAGEBOARD, 2009-2010.pdf
Tags: innovation, commodity, lighthouse, visualisation, inspiration, art of writing
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'of light,' revised - 2:5:11Jan 27, '11 11:12 PM
by Greg for everyone
'OF LIGHT'

How far is the nearest galaxy?

The nearest star? Too far to mention,

too far to conceptualise. However,

the light that plays amongst them

crosses the distances with grace,

seemingly pushed along on the currents

of time itself. If only we could become light,

and then simply be shined

wherever we might want to go...

would time age us,

or would only the distance

diminish our intensity?

And, as a photon of light,

what if long ago our point of origin,

our source star,

had become a vanishing point

behind us in the immensity of the heavens.

Would we yet somehow remain,

filtered and preserved

through eons of interstellar dust,

to perhaps join in harmony

with a distant moons reflected light

and paint a glow across the surface

of an alien nightscape?

The light-year... nearly six trillion miles.

Surely light is the most free-spirited child of creation.

Perhaps light is simply

the spindrift of time itself,

the preserved visible remnants of the past,

drifting off of the ancient foundations of reality.

Here's a thought.

What if time were to stop moving.

At that point in space, wouldn't light stop as well?

What if there were a little person

out there somewhere

for whom time ran backwards.

Wouldn't he glow?

THE THREADBARE PLACES, I've found myself in today... in coming to terms, with the sorts of conundrums, and mind-puzzles, the soul encounters, these days... lead me back, unto this earlier writing, from eleven years ago. Can one imagine, how some other, earlier, or later civilization, much like our own, elsewhere in the galaxy... having had, at their zenith, the ability to travel at many times, speed of light... or having perfected, such futurist technology, as teleportation... or time travel... have, as beings, taken on shimmering... dream-like characteristics... seeming, to create little zones, of dreaming... within those places, where the veil grows thin... between us, and themselves, as paths intersect, or interact, or coorrberate... vivid dreams, like real life... only apparently fictional, and oracular... drifting, or crossing, sometimes into our worldview... or seeping, beneath the doors, of perception... synchronicities, and occurances... colors and lights... unusual, odd behavior, of natural objects, and creatures... as times, interact... Proximal objects moving under their own power... those ghostings, hauntings, and spin-offs... like whirlwinds, and telekinesis... Can one imagine, the sorts of uncanny or strange odors, and sounds, and emotive vibrations, of strangeness... and seeming command, over electromagnetic-biological, or sub-spatial interface... from formulaic, mechanisms..., and apparent telepathic communication, such beings may show... seeming to send forth, or be accompanied by, higher frequency, vibrational energies of mind...

or alternatively... certain chaotic, dis-ordered effects, seemingly, as the creating of fantastic schema, and happenstance, for anyone coming within their space... I too, can see, how maybe these beings, have come to be, seen as somewhat of the universes' problem children... 'un-natural angels...' like vagabonds, of the stars... having ascended to the station, or the sphere, of the gods... purely through invention, and device... entered into heaven, carrying still, trappings, of the elements... and still wearing, the garb of the living... mastered their technology, to become, at least in part, immortal... Might one find the above, writing... and see it how I see it... u.f.o.s and 'extraterrestrials,' may be so different, from this which we term human... that they would surely appear, so strange, and contrived, so un-real, or figmentary... as to make ones self, doubt his or her sanity, or even, the solidity, or integrity, of reality, he finds about himself, at some times? Or this sur-real, or super-real, un-ravelling effect... within ones sphere? ...But then, maybe, we're only looking, at the pith, of

heaven... we're only, in ufology, studying, the stress signals, thrown off by our civilization, or anothers, or our heavenly forbearers... and trying, to grope, and make sense thereof... Frequently, showing signs, of stress... This probably makes a great deal of sense, to you, a reader, in light of experiencer accounts... as adulthood, today, probably includes some sort of initiation, into these sorts of effects, and stressors, and anomalies, or tales, therof. Or, what we individuals may, in some instances, experience, as a close encounter experience... is like a temporal stepping, or crossing, or straying, into, the sphere of influence... of a time traveller... or extra-material entity, like a spin-off, thrown off of a proximal being... such that, one experiences mysterious mind-brain sensory effects... like, the fabric, of time, fraying... or coming un-done in some way or ways? Or similarly... one might see these fifth dimensional effects, be they symptomatic, of stress, or whatever... as time-travellers, from the future, or beings from some forgotten epoch, in the past... or signs, thereof... which appear, to have entered a sort of twilight zone, of strangeness, through technology, or something... and traveled backward, or forward, thru sub-spatial lands, unto our time... carrying about them, the sometimes phenomenal side effects... of travel... through the mystic lands, of time?
So, the prosody, at the top, is like the naieve, worldview, of light... the following paragraph, then, is more like the real version... the way, we actually find, such to be. Two sides of the coin. Idealism, and Realism. So, this then, is like how one might see ufology, and anamalous phenomena... while we may grope, in the dark, in trying to comprehend, the worldviews' stress symptoms... we can look at, or upon, those sorts of very factors, which lie, eating at, sometimes the very root, of these amazing times, like a tumor... those violent, suicidal self-destructions, in desert lands... and by now, there shouldn't be much of any mystery, as to why sometimes times on this end can seem so tight, and narrow.

When I wish to look 'beneath the surfaces,' of my consciousness... I can just analyse, the moment... from the perspective of my writers pen, and paper. How, might I re-shuffle the deck, toss up a few words, into the air, and watch them drift, down again, onto the page... revealing the hidden, implicate, order, within my own mind? So, putting a few, simple 'starting words,' onto the page, can let myself, gain access, into a larger work. So, for those who sometimes wonder, as to just how, writing can be accomplished, onto the page, given the struggles, and doubts, of this present age... keep your pen flowing, onto the page, for a minute or two... Just let thoughts, collect, and orient themselves, on the page afore yourself... you'll find, that seeing your own thoughts, externalised... generates, a chemistry, unique to now... unlike any other time. And, there's a special voice, one can find... as if one, were writing around the topic of, 'The Art of Writing,' and talking, as if unto a younger person... gently encouraging, and stimulating, him or her, as to this 'way,' or path, for self-discovery... you'll find, that this is like an 'creative impetus,' a subtle nudging, toward the pen and paper. And it's in a voice, like this one, that one might explore, just an infinite number, of exercises, and visualisation techniques... in a voice, of a teacher, or instructor, as to the ways, he or she herself, has found living... and writing, to be. So... is there much of any difference, between the art of living, and ones craft, or hobby? I think, for myself... writing, or creating... is intrinsically tied, in with feeling good, about myself, and hence, enjoying living. I do know, that I will always strive, to find creative outlet, and interface, in a good way, with the encompassing culture... and higher mind... I begin feeling, more like a phantom, only as I am reluctant, to get myself unto the word processor, and write. Time passes, and without, some sort of outward showing forth, of ones adaptive, being, over time, I loose sense of self, and place. It really pays, to adapt, or show adaptation, to changing times. So, and the first part, of this posting, might point the way, toward, such dreams, as found in this earlier prosody:

The ancient hallway beckons, sending,

repeating time's essences for the generations.

I turn, remove my shoes, and enter forthrightly.

The nature mother arches her back,

as if to claim the benefits I offer.

My simple belongings are placed beside us

as we couple, graciously.

With the benefit of a free-flowing imagination,

one may display collective knowledges,

spirit, insight, and prophecy...

Yet, perhaps the only real commodity

in the world here below

is the transient bliss of wholeness,

that which the fractured must pursue.

On one's horizon always

are glowing themes, goals of a sort

which must guide the free and the bound alike.

And I am quite certain that the only proof of this

is the wonderous dance which resides

at the moving core of progress,

and which is the doorway to the within.

This piece, from 2000, relates to the vast synthesis, of far-flung concepts, and ideas, into a workable sort of manifesto, which I was engaged within, at the time. Today, I might not be so bound up, within the expression of mythic, archetypal themes, as I was then... however, all which has come afterward, has built, or elaborated, upon those truths, which were discovered, within those formative times... through stream of consciousness writing. I guess, it's sort of like, the difference, between the mountain ranges, and the woodland stream. Today, I'm really closer, to life itself, and living... I usually, however am not overly led into such places, as shown in the prosody above... my thoughts, are commonly, within a constant, hopefully stable voice, which I've found since 2004, and which is most commonly concerned, within the subtle variences, found within the immediate lands, around myself... and I, also, today, try and make sure, that my voice, is one of comfort, and support... for there are so many, in the world today, whom are struggling... financially, emotionally, or coping with losses... hungry, for 'nourishment,' in any way I can do... strong voices, are needed. So, and there are lots and lots of great idea people, I know of, who consistently, are stimulating, new discussions, and furtherance, of everymans' dream life... I want to be, along such lines, as well. So, the first part, of this posting, were a little 'over the top,' and may have seemed to be delved, from an emotional, perspective... well, perhaps, they were,

but in this present, I have to keep all, so much more simple, and direct.

Below is an short piece, which more adaquately expresses myself... written, while recuperating, from a serious suicide attempt, in 2003:

Love itself is the mystic glue which seams this fabric together. It exists unchanging, ceaselessly reinforcing all that is.

It Binds the Nations, elevating the memories of ages yet to be.

...And when Eagles soar to havens beyond the stratosphere, building bridges to the sky,

and all concepts become forseeable, within infinity, then the Seer proclaims, 'Now is forever. We are there.'

So, love, has deepened, within the past eight or nine years...

I can't stand to ignore, or neglect, all which is within, for some sort of writing, along lines of 'the anamalous.' Suicide attempts, can be hard, to recover, from. In the instant that one hurts oneself, in any way, he has simply shown him or herself, to be 'self-defeating,' on the basic level... and hence, it can be so hard to restore faith within. It's not the person, who is recuperating, which offers resistance... it's the cultural systems, about him or herself, which seem to 'write him or her off,' as respectable adult. So, these are things I have found. Having, one single lapse, can be hard enough... it's as one repeats, those patterns, over again, that he tends to prove, him or herself, to be lame. So, for myself, it's important, to stay, close within the group... I've sworn off, the trying to brave, these times, alone... my paths, would be inadaquate, and ultimately to my own ruin.
Tags: inspiration, light energy, new thought, audiobooks, lighthouse, music, art of writing, past light
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patience, thru writingJan 22, '11 2:55 PM
by Greg for everyone
PATIENCE,

THRU WRITING

'Peace is a mystery, that everyone wants to work on, and solve.'

-Anon.

I WONDER, SOMETIMES, as to that, which is beneath surface layers, of my mind. There, are times, when the crashing waves, about me, threaten to take to sea, the best work, of my heart, and hands... when, I am nearly overwhelmed, by the crests, and valleys, of these whitecaps. While, I don't always know, just what, factors are affecting myself most... or into just which direction, to shine, my light... tonight, or anytime... it can surely help, at times, to put pen, to paper, and divine, upon the written page. Simply illuminate, your own inner topography... of positive futures, onto the page... and then, renew yourself, from a place of surety... and decision. The confidence, you wish to find, from others, find instead, from within your very own mind, and self-nurturance. The love, you wish to be shown... show instead your own self. So, I wonder sometimes, as to the sorts of factors, which are affecting myself... tonight, or anytime... it can help, to put pen to paper, and simply analyse, the moment... presently... from within, ones own inwardly perspective. I guess, I know, that the occasional dilemma, affecting my subpsyche, isn't necessarily the end, for myself... it can

take a bit of a leap of faith... maybe a false start, or two, to begin to tap, the springwater, which wants to flow, liberally... needing, but a nudge, or suggestion, from my writers mind... to begin its upwelling. This accomplished, my stylus, tunes into a new written article... and manages, somehow to detach it from the infrastructure, within my mind, and spread new printed material, upon my desktop. So, while oftentimes, I wonder, as to just that which comprises, my future, peering into the past, of recent memory, from a blissful, or joyous perspective... gives, but a vision, of lasting peace. The lands within, about oneself... comprise, ones future. While, we are often allowed, to see only, the surface factors, of this or another time... it's by putting pen, to paper, that the subtleties, of one or another day, become clear. Just grab, up a stylus, and look beneath, first one surface layer, then the next... sequentially, down the page. You'll show yourself, to be peeling back layers, of your own future, much like onion skins, or chips, and planes, of marble from the sculptors' stone. As one, thought follows another, you'll find, in time, yourself, gifted with a new essay, or poem, or paragraph. So, and there's a special, crafty way, one can find, of somehow carefully discovering, the inner truths, found within the passage of days, and weeks. Imagine... one spends the inactive periods... of sometimes what amounts to journey work... downlinking, and transcribing... the sometimes laborious, abstractions, and interpolations... the subspatial artefacts, of colliding worlds... and ringing heavens, about him or herself. When, we translate, or interpret, these experiences, in a positive way, or light... we avoid becoming defined, by our adversity, and see or envision only the wholsome, effects, of simple living. So, knowing, a craft, or hobby, like writing, having the patience, to know, 'I should write, here...' ones avocation doesn't become, a ball and chain, but instead, becomes innately featherlight... and may only show, the assets... the positive views. So, remember, in describing, inner lands.. to be 100%, in service, of yourself... not giving service, to any slight, or any perceived, or misperceived inequity.

'The mind, is the place, where the Future, settles its differences.'

-The Old Master

When, the spirit is a real presence, within ones life... he or she, might often feel, as if he or she is being asked, to transcend, the norm... as the norm, often becomes outmoded, seemingly... it becomes important, to exercise, etheric vision faculty, and visualise, ones way back unto wholeness. This is almost always, like an aching, or pining, from ones language center... twisting upon, and stretching the limits, of his or her psyche... ones quietude, seeming to be found, only through the letting be, of the innate light of the spirit. The sense, this gives myself, is almost always, like an pushing of the envelope, and resting within, inner guidance, while divining precepts, given unto revealing both sides of the coin... both the positive, and negative spaces about. Who, or what is thought to be the Goddess? In my view, this is an abstract, feminine proper noun, which can signify many different meanings. The Earth, its cycles and rhythms, and all life upon and about her, including the encompassing cycles, of the moon, other planets and stars, and precessions, of the Equinox... these cycles, being that unto which the farmer looks, for the way the fertile field is to be sown, in spring... grown, and bringing forth a harvest... which is gathered, and presented as produce... these being, from my standpoint, the highest nature, the nurture, of the divine. So, and as we wish, to stay in tempo, with all of her patterns, rhythms, cycles and constants... so that we might prosper... nature gently prods, us... continually keeping ourselves, on the chosen path... cautioning, us as to the sometimes real wilderness, around... and pointing out, the safer way, so that we might suredly follow. The nature goddess, perhaps, wouldn't have it, that we make ignorant mistakes... or fail to acknowledge, the depth, of the waters, about ourselves, upon this or any day. When one wants to know, more about the now, than can be gleaned, from surface observation... he or she, may return to study... of his language faculty, over time, onto the written page. Our consciousness, exists only over time... the expanding flow, of moments... upwards, and outwards, from each singular point... seems to give, this sense, of the passage of time... in

relationship, unto oneself. As ones 'self concept,' is a more or less fixed, idea, in time and space... time, appears to come, and go, about oneself... future arising, into present... and moving behind, as the past. Time, is always, a flowing... in relation to oneself. A timeless experience... and 'self,' evaporates... fully absorbed, within experience. So, where one is going... into 'the future,' is partly, a perceptual function... of the flow, of moments, in relationship, unto oneself. And so, I know, that my present experience, will be enhanced, by accomplishing, a new finished article, or essay... so, actions are directed, in such fashion. I lose, sense of self, in writing process, and know, now, that 'I do exist...' no portion, of self, is split off... numb, exiled, or alienated. I'm a mirror... all is one. When one wishes to look 'beneath the surface,' of his or her thoughts, attitudes, and beliefs, he can pick up pen and paper, and place a few words, in written fashion, onto the page. I scan, back across, recent months, and years... one can often use visualization techniques, to lessen, the pain of 'tension headaches,' about the mind-brain union. There are those times, when mind, lags behind, out of tempo, with soul, or light body... times, when one stays, the other goes, away-- beyond the material plane. This, obviously can cause such great strain, and stress... when the mind, wants to form, and maintain, such great attachments... yet ones soul, or light-being... might be with the living, one day... and beyond, the next. To what, then is the minds attachment to cling? Who knows. Itself? So, the 'paranoid critical' modality, becomes a commonplace thing... a basic state, of consciousness. So this is like the human condition... mind, and truth, often tends, to be slower, and lag behind, the world of electromagnetic vibrations... which can jump ahead, unexpectedly... changing states... leaving consciousness, behind, to remember, and cope with loss. This seems to me, to be the basic cause, of post-traumatic stress... battlefield losses, typically involving this disorder. So, a loss, casuality, or accidental death, can leave behind such great suffering... 'I should, have done more, for the wounded, in some important way... or the whole accidental scene, goes south, due to faulty information... poor comunication, or misunderstanding. And misunderstandings, can be precipitated, by perceptual aberrancies, or inequities... like misconceptions, notions, or prejudices... attitudes, beliefs, and the quark-like 'unexpected reaction,' for which one may not be able to plan... one never really knows, quite how he or she will react, in a real-life situation... mental illness, can leap forward, into the present... affecting the living, unexpectedly, from times long gone by. This is partly why, they say, 'war is hell...,' everything's usually a gray area... anything, 'real-life,' usually is comprised, of shades of gray. So, simulations, and role playing, can be important.

Tags: light energy, new thought, audiobooks, music, inspiration, art of writing
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AUDIO BOOK : : 2011-2012Jan 19, '11 6:47 PM
by Greg for everyone
When one wishes, to look within, he or she might begin a multi-dimensional practice, such as stream-of-consciousness writing, music, or design. Applying, ones paranoid critique, unto a simple flowing of words, onto the page... this can let his or her mind, ascend, a bit, from the shadows, and unknowns, as perceptual contrasts, prove enlightening, in a true sense. So, through writing, I can get a picture, of the self presently... when one can see, a problem, one can overcome it. 'If I can see it, I can transend it.' In externalising, ones language, onto a page... shaping, and forming words, into phrases, and paragraphs... ones' own inner self, becomes illuminated, by light from within itself, and one then sees the way home. Knowing, how to put one foot in front of the other... crossing distances of time, with patience, and grace... a new essay comes into view. This is of a gladness... arriving, at a place in space-time... same space... present time... allows clear, consice unambiguous thoughts, to form, upon the page. And, this is so rewarding. As, I sometimes wonder, as to stress factors... I love this 'illumining' of the hidden areas. The present moment... I am beginning, to find, a degree of closure, unto the first three months, of this new year. This is important, to myself, as 'stream-of-consciousness' writing, or music, must need a place, of knowledge... some

experience... to really go forward. This, I guess is my chief concern, in passing lengths of time within inactivity, or 'non-doing...;' and such can be painful... at times excruciating... but these are surface factors, of a much deeper joy... an transmutation, of dark ignorance... into a knowing... altering, of murky unknowns... into a renewal, of grace, and being. So, do you see how time, is the best healer, the best teacher, there is? The tendency, is to forget what one is doing, and feel a discouragement, and frustration, at accomplishing very little, for what seems like centuries... but, I've learned, however, never to 'throw the towel in,' or even make show, of my exasperation... for one can know, solutions, and answers, are being found, and accomplished. 'Time, is alchemy.' How shall, I arrive upon, constants, within this world, of contrasts? When, I know, to find my craft tools and media... abandoning, perhaps rationality, and self-doubt... then, the placing of an question, or declarative thought, upon the page... just one sentence... and sitting patiently, within contentment and surety... yet questing... an essay will develop, within the space of an afternoon. Through, the making of an initial start, upon the blank page... the mind, gets busy, and an cogent, or eloquent thought, settles in, from lands above, onto the page. When one wishes, to look within, his or her mind, and imagination, he can start, by placing a few simple thoughts upon the page, and continuing, in 'stream-of-consciousness' fashion, to write, beyond the initial thoughts. 'While, I may have no idea, at what is affecting myself today, by looking into the now, onto the page, one might perhaps glean some insight. The secret, to this is, that when time has passed, within non-doing, a person 'knoweth answers...' perhaps, the specific answer... only such is submerged, within unconscious mind. When one sees consciousness, as being formed, of a multiplicity, of modules, or organelles, or sprites... consciousness, being something, of a second-hand game... the unique concern, will speak subtly, upon request. When, we're able to consciously look for answers, within the subpsyche... through putting ones pen to the blank page... over time... thusly, the answers begin to come to light. So, when one can write, from an unassuming, and passive modus operandi... allowing pen to be moved, by only accessional power... playing the feminine role... is completely fulfilling. As I make my way through my life... I am at times clouded, by doubts; knowing to have patience, in allowing time to pass... muddy pool, returns to clairity... and comfortable, easy writing comes forth.

G.R.N. Spirit Pages MESSAGEBOARD, 2011-2012, rEDUX, pt. 1
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Tags: light energy, new thought, audiobooks, lighthouse, music, inspiration, art of writing
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WILD TRACKS : : Field Recordings - 32 kbpsJan 6, '11 7:56 PM
by Greg for everyone
Since October of 2010, I have been occasionally putting a microphone in the back yard, to record these amazing songbirds, and crows. As of about January 3, of 2011, following the stories of the red-winged blackbirds, meeting their demise in numbers, and falling from out of the sky... I have conceived of these ambient nature recordings-- pure nature, no music. So, in the spirit of taking stock of the wealth of narratives, and so forth to be found within nature, about ourselves, I present the first of these field recordings.

RECORDING- October 10, 2010 : : insects, such as grasshoppers... songbirds, and crows, sunny hot autumn day. 00:55:54
RECORDING- January 6, 2011 : : songbirds and crows... bird landing on microphone stand... few insects, windy, sunny, cold morning. 00:56:58
RECORDING- January 1, 2011 : : songbirds, and crows... raindrops. 00:50:54

RECORDING- January 9, 2011 : : quiet feeling, a few birds, increasing clouds, cold and windy... expecting snowfall tomorrow. 01:03:56
RECORDING- January 9, 2011, II : : recording made, just after dark. No snow, now, but in two hours or so, the ground was covered in thick blanket of sparkling white. 00:56:46
RECORDING- January 14, 2011 : : plenty of smaller birds, and crows in this recording... Listen for the unknown 'mystery guy,' which walks up to the microphone stand in the snow--advancing footsteps, but no receeding. This wasn't myself, as I stayed in the house, the full hour. Who was it? Gus? 01:01:14
RECORDING- January 16, 2011 : : mostly sunny, temperate weather today... a plethora, of songbirds, and crows throughout this early A.M. recording. Enjoy. 01:03:03
RECORDING- Febuary 28, 2011 : : Started my microphone around 6PM, and at 7 found I had captured a magical frog chorus, competing with the winds, to make this recording. This is my favorite. 01:01:56

WILD TRACKS, OCT. 10, '10	Download
WILD TRACKS, JAN. 6, '11	Download
WILD TRACKS, JAN. 1, '11	Download
WILD TRACKS, JAN. 9, '11	Download
WILD TRACKS, JAN. 9, '11, II	Download
WILD TRACKS, JAN. 14, '11	Download
WILD TRACKS, JAN. 16, '11	Download
WILD TRACKS, FEB. 28, '11	Download

Tags: natural cosmos, light energy, inspiration, nature
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beginning anew - 2011Jan 3, '11 8:32 AM
by Greg for everyone
BEGINNING

ANEW

FACED WITH, AT SOME TIMES, the meaningless, I will get myself right to the word processor... and dream, a little. For, sometimes, that which might be so right... can seem hollow, and moot. I tend, my mind, like this: sounding the depths, and scanning the heights... I manage, somehow, to bring together, the tenuous threads, of inspiration... which I can see from this eleysium... seeming like wispy stratus clouds, high above, my human perspective. As these strands, of inspiration, can be brought together, onto the page, into a concise, articulate essay, I enjoy, seeking these idealistic currents. When one wishes, to know, more about, the now, than can be gleaned, from surface appearances, he or she will, if so choosing, return unto the word processor, and look beneath, the surface layers, of the moment. I hope, these words, can suffice to answer, to my own self-doubts, about the unknowns, which are continually playing around, the boundaries, of my consciousness. How, can I touch upon, the unseen poetrys, within this or another day, bringing insight, or understanding. How might, I be able, through this article, to localise, the subtle lands, within, onto the printed page... How might I conceive, of gifts, or treasures, which sit well, upon my page... and too, which can allow another soul, to perceive, from within... a place of inner stillness, and quietude... calming the waters, with knowing? I have found, over time, the ways, to coax forth, this 'quality state of mind,' and court, the simple blessings, such as the truely enjoying, of a meditative state... and finding detachment, from the sometimes tumultuous waves, which continually are playing, upon, and about the surfaces, of my consciousness. The peripheral, psychic abilities, many possess, will seem always, to form ripples, and waves, emanating from the boundaries, of ones sensory perception...

converging, and traversing, the surfaces, of the waters... creating 'interference patterns,' like standing waves, and a crosswork, of arcs, and linearities. Changing times, in some locales, upon Earth... The animism, representing the specific change, is outside, or below, level of my consciousness awareness... and is therefore, invisible. Yet, I can deduce, or infer the presence, of an invisible being... and glean understanding... by looking upon, the latticework of waves, upon the surfaces, of my deep mind. A proximal, unmanifest being... will cast a shadow, across ones mind-brain. It is by, looking at, and grasping, these shadows, and interference patterns, perceived upon the surface, that I can formulate judgments, about the 'future.' When one does look within, in paranoid critical fashion, as words come to be, upon the page... we then, can weigh, such words, for rightness, balance, clairity and harmony... thus giving an inkling, of insight, or in allowing, one to glean, from the ways, the crystalline light facets, make one feel... that which, is an possible answer, to the complementary questions... embodied, within the language usage. So, getting to the word processor, and divining... is usually, like an inquiry, 'into the within.' When one practices general right living, and keeps spirit pure, then the questions, placed upon the page, will have co-relevant answers... this can be, such as the minute perceptions, playing along skin surfaces... I cognize, upon the surface of my skin... the air, composition within the room, or place... has complementary subtle changes, in accordance, with ones language. One, seems to instantly, see, or sense vibrational changes, as language symbols become placed onto the page... an immediate relationship, to ones god-concept. So, there's no pondering, over 'is this or that word usage, in keeping with the harmony of the whole...' it's an direct sort of perceptual knowing, and unfolding, of an essay... keeping oneself upon the 'straight and narrow.' So, these are some of the thoughts, around the art of writing, today. To divine, upon the written page... placing, sequential language symbols, so as to convey specific meaning, and import... is to commune, with ones 'higher mind.' So, seeing then, ones own self move forward... collectively... the entire self organism, progressing as one, and reaching, or transcending the goal, of written article... this is the best 'self-healing, or maintainance,' there is. This holistic progressing, and evolving, upon the sequential page... is, too, the joining and integrating... of ones self, within a much larger world... about him or herself. So, the benefits, of writing, are numerous. One enters, greater self-hood... and simply shakes off, the aches and pains... from recent memory. The Akasha, is spoken of to mean, the Universes' memory banks. All human actions, and deeds, across ones entire life span, become stored within the Akashic memory... and can be recalled or recollected, forever. Understanding, this simple truth, can allow a release, from such emotions, as anger, or the wishing to 'get revenge,' when the creator, has ones self, held in tender embrace, forever... he or she, is completely on top, of the ensuring, of justice, in the world today. All things, become known, and understood, in time, and there should be no sense, of unreckoned slight, as to anothers' perceived disservice, to ones self... all is accomplished, seen, and known of, in time. So, this is our simple reassurance... there's no witholding, of truth, and justice, seen in time... the complex checks and balances, of human existance, will prevail.

Tags: new thought, audiobooks, lighthouse, art of writing
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G.R.N. MUSIC RADIO - 16 kbpsJan 1, '11 10:25 AM
by Greg for everyone

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'lux naturae' - part IIDec 21, '10 10:26 PM
by Greg for everyone
What is meant by the term, Lux Naturae? The Latin word, means 'the Light within Nature.'

My thoughts about this, are as follows.

The fauna, which we find, about our houses, in an rural, or suburb environment... the wild animals, found in remote or wilderness areas... including saltwater and freshwater fish, and other sea life, and turtles... mammallian fish, such as porpoises... our domesticated animals, to an extent... not to mention, creatures closer to the dinosaurs... birds, reptiles, and amphibians... of the land and water... insects... these animals, when studied at length, show themselves, to be so entirely distinct, from what we term 'human,' that the word, 'lux,' or 'light,' as if being something human, maybe doesn't really apply, much. Maybe with the exception, of dogs, and cats... which often can appear, very human... mimicking, at times their owners... or in saving a child from a house fire, or following human commands... wild animals, have their own totally distinct, and special society. Trying to coax a recognisably human behavior, or contact, from a wild animal, is nearly impossible... our contact, with them, seems, driven mostly, by the seeds, bread, and seuit or other such treats, as a salt block, or bowl of milk, which we can put outside, where they would encounter it, and they can usually be seen partaking, of offerings, in close proximity to people... although wild animals in general won't eat food from your hand, they will at times, come close, for a treat.

I have pondered, if perhaps, wild animals and insects, are of a direct lineage... from fairies... dwarfs, elves, gnomes, sylphs, satyr... and all of the other such beings, as which populate world lore, with respects to the typically unseen inner dimension, to the earth, wind, fire, and water... its inhabitants... and magical occurences, such as time slips, and other alternative-dimentional lands, which many people have reported entering, unwillingly... animals seeming, at times to form an intermediary realm, between fairey beings, and humans. And I mean, its the natural, native ways, of an animal... which seem at times so graceful... and a wild animal, doesn't much concede, to any human conceit, like a call and response dialogue, or an appreciation, of artwork... feel the need to clothe herself, or find much needing or liking to take shelter from the elements, in a human abode, or much of any inclination, to change in any way, the nature, they're given at birth, or adopt even remotely human ways, like using tools, such as a fishing pole, or spear. But she has a way of her own... a special way... of preening and keeping her coat, or feathers clean, and healthy... keeping, herself, close to her group, when she wants... for longetivity... I think, animals have their own peer pressures, and mores... such as the biggest morsel, going to the healthier bird... and, the avoiding of a clouded spirit, or bad smell, and thus becoming prey. And the crows and hawks around our place, on this mountain, seem to like to assume, the higher ground, over the yard... within the highest boughs, of the pines, or sometimes, on the roof, of the house... but most commonly, crowding into the highest, barest, dead, gray tree-skeleton, at the back of the yard... the leafless perch, some 60 or so feet above the back yard. There, I imagine they share news, and talk about the people, and the weather. There's not much cover, for birds in that roost... but my guess is, they instead, just kind of look down upon the human ongoing, down accross the yard, at the house, and in sympathetic gesture, take the leafless perch... the prominent position.

So, how possibly, do humans, stand, then with respects to animals?

Humans use tools, eat on dishes, drink from a clean, washed glass, and use utinsels. We engineer, build and drive automobiles, trains, boats, and planes... launch as astronaut, into space aboard a rocket, and orbit the earth in a space station. Animals are entirely simple, uncluttered, un-adorned, un-festooned, and native. They spend their entire life span, in their birthday suit... never use any tool, or follow any human media, or celebrity. (But, why not, if you're an animal, pull for the local high school football team, or a nearby rival? Here, animals, needn't divest, of their instinctual innate ways, they, however seem at times, to participate to an extent, in human culture... only because, our culture, kind of bumps up against, that of animals... or maybe that's just reading too much into it.) Whatever your view, on this, human culture, is perhaps different, mostly because of the digits, of our

hands... our tool usage. Take a look, at your network television, any hour of the day or night... highly organised, focused, modulated information streams forth... sports, theatre, comedy, action, drama... all of the genres, of theatre, information programming, like network news, and documentary, or science exploration, and countless situation comedy, reality television, and talk shows... these are shown on an glowing, phosphorescent and luminous display, in carefully modulated packets... concise, precise information exchanges, countless style choices, in clothing, animation, colors, and light and sound effects, a digital symphony, and pageantry, which never sleeps. A wild animal, would be, such a contrast, wouldn't even be in any way able to interpret the changing lights, sounds, and colors on a television screen, or in much any way know how to decypher, or make sense of what to them would probably just look like random blinking lights... garbled sounds.
So, where's the difference? Well, think about it. We humans have harnessed electricity... even mastered music and video recording, printing, and mass production and delivery, of goods and services.... digital information storage and retrieval. Telephony... microwave towers upon every hill top... But, digital? An animal would say, 'Whats that?' So, there's no comparing, animal beauty, with human society... the animal is unlearned, un dressed, un-anylised... it's no secret... humans have higher technology, share close communion, and partnership, with higher dimensions... and beings 'beyond the veil...,' animals, I guess are more like, feathered, or furred, scaley, slimey gnomes, or fairey beings... an animal might be made use of, by an higher dimensional being... but perhaps, not so much, within conscious, relationship, or partnership... but more like, 'the unthinking doer...' not quite, as the slave, unto the master... exactly, but just solid, and liquid... their contrasts... and all which she takes for granted... to keep her beauty, and mystery. 'You don't know what you've got until it's gone... the animal, just doesn't think, about his or her graces... she just lives, and knows she lives, somehow. Humans, are more like paid representatives, or partners... at best serving, and shedding light into, higher glorious beings, within lands above. So, but then an animal, with her shape-shifting... her even blending into... the lands of fairies and lore... are sometimes so close to the sylphs, or gnomes... that she might become significant, for a human, perhaps as an animal guide, or familiar. She might, be able to disappear, and reappear, somewhat magically, following a human across time and distance. Like the owls, which to some mean wisdom, or the large, powerful hawk, or eagle, which could signify partnership, or alliance with nature, like an animal guardian... someone to listen unto, and heed. So, and I just think, animals somewhat naturally blend, in with the fairies... never really given to self-consciousness, but at times, seeming to show forth an self awareness, of her own particular powers, with respects to the human.

So, and how, could it be any different... and her still preserve, her intrinsic dignity, composure, power? Should, she go to people school, and gradually acquire human graces, learn manners, and how to tread lightly in the workplace? Learn typing or data entry, or cabinetry, or automobile repair? She'd just become the slave, of slaves... and, so, see... she demands, to retain her mysterious ways... her native pride, distinct from human... she won't follow you, even if you try to teach her like child... she's innately connected, to fairies, and trolls... dwarves, and elves... and therefore, must keep 'unto her own.' And, perhaps, too much human interference, could never be good... I mean, we already herd cattle, and slaughter hogs, chicken, turkeys... and she must set all dignity and mystery aside, and submit, unto the farmers hand.

So, the animal, and the human lights, rights, and conceits... are different. Humans elaborately articulate their thoughts, on media, and mass market it at the theatre... animals, however, share, a stellar spiritual life... but not really as we think of it. They have sutle expressions, and gestures, like people... but no way, really of externalising their dreams, on lasting media, or sharing them, expressly, with a non animal. But the song, of the cardinal, or robin, is really so special... she must be singing beautifully, on the inside. While, so many people are dull, and non-communicative, except for their job, or hobby... animals can almost always be found rejoicing. Maybe, one hopes, she's glad for the relationship... man with

animal... and the magical contrasts, of this. So, thus you see, some of the similarities, and differences, man with animal.

Tags: the within, inspiration, nature, natural cosmos, new thought, lighthouse, art of writing, past light
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NATURAL ENVIRONS :: Music & Nature SoundsNov 26, '10 5:22 PM
by Greg for everyone
Classical music appreciation... the sweetness, of the tone of the instrument... the dynamics, of the instrument... and how the musician uses them. The ranges of highs and lows... their phrasing... their interplay... The gestural, symbiosis, of pieces of music, with geometries... arcs, circles, patterns, which might be found, in a woven fabric... zig zags, interlocking triangles, rings, patterns of angles... fan shaped, wide angled, and narrow, checkerboard patterns. And again, the phrasing... the ways, the phrasing within the melodies is drawn out, or compact... the performers, or recording artists whole self going into the performances, waist, shoulders, elbows, wrists, fingers... going onto the media... seeming, to evoke images, in the mind, of physique, and motion... flows, and rhythms. Waves, and bars... enlongated, legato phrasing.

Then, electronically... the hall reverb, on the synthesiser parts... contrasted with, the unaffected grand piano sound... a handful of samples, from modern pianos... vibes, and electric piano. A measure, of touch sensitivity, on the keys. So, and for natural ambience, I placed a nice quality Kodak microphone out at the bottom of our back yard, by a patch of blackberries, along the fence line, to catch this lively chorus of grasshoppers, beetles, centipedes, flies, ants crawling, and chewing, clicking, and humming, rustling, chirping... and otherwise singing... or sounding out... calling and cawing... basically making up an average saturday, in the backyard, here, of insects, songbirds, and crows, for these two hour-length soundscapes... enjoy yourself... I think this is a nice effect.

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Tags: inspiration, nature, light energy, natural cosmos, lighthouse, music, past light, piano
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AUDIO BOOKS :: 2008Nov 8, '10 11:02 PM
by Greg for everyone
AS ONE GOES ABOUT, TO WRITE, he or she will, be looking back, upon recent writings... recent expressions. I think, one of the main latencies, or attributes, of the human psyche, lies within the integrating, and consideration, of recent, complex information, into an expression, formed of this present moment, the now... in the light, or consideration, of relevant, recent past phenomena. The mind, as it becomes written, onto the page, like I am doing now, shows itself to be, essentially, an organism, which is both self aware, and self controlled, in the bringing to light of the present now. So, ones mind, then, is an organic computer, capable of making, complex decisions, based upon, the preservation of the integrity, of that self same mind, and in consideration also, of the integrity of the surroundings, within which it dwells. So, computers, are everywhere, as one writes. Ones self, is a computer, where ones language usage, becomes the digital medium, or less or more, or on or off, or left or right, or hot or cold, or even somewhere in between, like a vibe, being, formulations, of a simple 'yea' or 'nay' duad. The culture, about, is shown to be computational, and sentient, in language surface apparancies. So, this then, is the land,

which one steps into, as one begins to write. I guess, any skill, which may be mastered, allows for similar, variance, of inter-flexibility, and controls... so, like an gray area, at times; other times reveal, strong feelings, and great certitude, in virtually everything. Perhaps, then, the real gain, or evolvement, lies in ones ability, to be more or less patient, in sifting, thru surface apparancies, as desire, and greed, for a range of expressive symbols, from todays pallate, are filtered, or weeded out. So, gradually, one might arrive, upon a properly translucent, or luminous, expression pallate, but, surely, the main skill lies in the discerning, of ways, and the knowing, or knowledge, that goes way beyond, or allows release from, cravings, and desire. So, managing ones distances... or being considerate, of those about... a writer, wants to be led by only the subtlest, of perceptual acuity... and he or she, should know, that one wants to say, only that which he or she really does want to say... nothing more. So... todays writing... does it honor, the spirits of the land, and all that which has gone before... is ones mirror clean, and clear, or is one generating an accurate image... these things are important. So, knowing, these things, intrinsically, it becomes important, to be ones self... to use, the God given intelligence, he or she has, the avoidance of, ritual portrayals... instead, resume the dance, the dances of life.

G.R.N. Spirit Pages MESSAGEBOARD, 2008, pt. 1
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G.R.N. Spirit Pages MESSAGEBOARD, 2008, pt. 2
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Tags: light energy, audiobooks, lighthouse, music, inspiration, nature, art of writing
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the fountainheadOct 27, '10 6:14 PM
by Greg for everyone
THE FOUNTAINHEAD
One scans, his or her mind...

'What is a lighthouse?' In asking such a question, one then sees the answer. So to bring an inquisitive nature, to writing, is to find answers. Writers, don't shed light. They, instead, find a receptive modality, wherein classic motifs, find expressions through themselves. Attuning, with universal, classical traditions, one sounds the depths, and scans the heights. Weighing the nearness, and distances, of language symbols, upon the page... can help, one to size up, or come to terms, with this or that day. But this isn't necessarily the ultimate goal, in itself. Quality of thought and imaginative fluency, can mean everything. Sometimes, experimental writers are confounded, by doubts... ... but, this is when faith can shine brightest. Barring, the 'creek, which has been known to rise,' or basic needs, and amenities not being seen unto (such doubts as electric failure, affecting one's neighborhood, for prolonged time, as could come about, following severe geomagnetic disturbance, caused by serious solar flare, or foreign encroachment, as could forseeably come about, during a prolonged trade war, with a wealthier nation,) faith like a tiny mustard seed, could indeed move a mountain. An blogger, like myself, in a free land, is in general promised allright future. He or she may have to survive on birdseed, walnuts, and river catfish, but he'll pull through. But, then, too recharging your iPOD could be a problem. The relationship of the English language, with those of European descent, particularly those in England and America, is longstanding. The printed word goes back almost as far. Not long prior to the invention of the printing press, I have heard, or read, that there were over 100 languages spoken, (some great number, like that, anyway,) in Great Britain alone. The dialects of English were so very pronounced, and uniquely distinct, one from another. Going from town to town was like going to another country, such were the troubles of the post Roman Empire Dark Age. But the King James Bible, and the Kings English changed all that. Language, the printed word, and the West, go

back a long ways. "Bring to light, my son, the printed establishment, with documentation, and you're in the group, or community, without trouble in most instances, as far as I'm concerned." - The Old Master So, to make a long story short, this is why the internet writer, today, is a pretty valued part of the community, and family, today. Simply, you yourself, have a voice. To the good, or the less good ends, you use your voice, and so for better or for worse, others are interested in what you have to say. When, I see my own life, from the inside, along my own internal volumes... I grow more suredly one, within myself. Over the years, particularly, in the first five years, of developing, my writing style... the main part, of what I was doing, was a sort of un-learning, of my minds animal nature... and conditioned responses, which I found, was a part of my mind then... the juvenille self concepts, and the sorts of places, I had found myself within, while putting to rest, my teenage lifestyle, and awakening unto myself, as human soul... one with inwardly perceptions, and outward. So, typified by an overall sort of ignorance, as to 9/10th of the inwardly phenomena, which time and again, I found affecting my life... having, at age 20, very little knowing, as to the sort of immediate cause-effect relationships, present in not only my 'outer' being, but my inner. I found my self continually impulsed, to change, my feelings and states of mind, artificially, by way of chemicals... normal waking consciousness, placing me within a sort of emptyness, or barrenness, of spirit... and consciousness-- I was troubled, by a world, of 'bad feelings,' restlessness, and was bereft of bliss. And I had become conscious, of this inner heartache, at this young age, because I think, chiefly of my unusual attraction, to halucinatory drugs. I felt, somewhat correctly, that I was missing a big piece of my life... although I wasn't conscious, of this absense, of self... and I think, that there was a sort of acquired, sense that there would be some sort of place, within myself, I would arrive upon, or unto, wherein I would experience a sort of imagined 'enlightenment,' experience, or 'light experience,' and the drugs, were a courting, of this experience, and this sort of effect. I longed painfully for an culminating experience, showing, that which I felt, would be an entirely new realm... inwardly and outwardly... and I would become like an Buddah, or ascended being. These feelings, and sense of being upon a journey, had awful consequences, for my personal life. I resorted constantly, to chemicals... failed miserably, in each and every social relationship, I entered into, developed an reputation, and was ejected from my community... and I was entirely ignorant, of this entire plight, and blindly just knew, that I felt very bad, very often. So, you see... then the vast changes, which have taken place in my life... and it's just clear that twenty years ago, I had just volumes yet to learn, about life, and living and only through passage of time, years and years, were I able to improve my self. As I have written, time is the best teacher, and through passage of time, just all of my questing, and heartache were answered. So, today, when life gives me lemons, I make lemonade. I write, to localise the subtle lands, within myself upon the printed page, and I find my self awake, unto a sort of fountainhead of language and expression... which I tend to gradually place upon this website. So, if you read herein, enjoy yourself... while I don't tend to be religious in the usual way, I am religious in other ways-- knowing to write, and writing to answer the questions I occasionally find, with respects to my living... while I may not be a traditional Christian, I am yet a believer, in the printed word, and its power to illuminate ones interior landscapes, and fabric. These thing I have definitely found.
Tags: inspiration, light energy, natural cosmos, new thought, audiobooks, lighthouse, music, art of writing, past light
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october ideasOct 22, '10 5:13 PM
by Greg for everyone
When one sets about, to look within, his or her mind, and imagination, he might place a complete sentence, onto the page. The enthuse, which he then feels, in his soul, takes the form of a successive, sentence... and a third... an dialogue, within himself, has began... ones wheels, begin to spin. There's an inwardly place... in words, so to speak... within which the current paragraph, exists as an image, within, the mind of writer... as an experimental base

metal... experimental, in that an cadre, of formulae dance, and are weighed... against, or with the paragraph... keeping in mind, the aim of eventual gold, or silver... a precious thing... a completed essay. Being a self-motivated writer... I but await, the favorable signs... when the motivation, to excell, outweighs, the pains of non-doing... this can take the form of an intellectual excitement... at the sort of 'ah-ha,' moment, which shows deeper truth, or can be brought forth, as a sort of instinctual balancing maneuver, like the reflexes, which help one balance, while walking a rugged trail. This motivation, can also come about, through peer pressure, and the desire, to be acceptable, in the eyes of others. This can be the most single-pointed creation, as competitive pressures, bring forth, the best. Looking behind the door, of an darkened room, is like the sorts of mystique, and fantasy, accompanying the young writer... dwelling within the world, given him by his parents... having small understanding, of the wheels, and engines, which drive the civilized world... he or she, is but a miniscule player... all he knows, are childrens games... these can be feelings, accompanying the art of writing. So, these days, I can commonly become pretty outdated, or outmoded... already, by the time I finally get to the word processor. I've writ previously, how this can tend to make me feel a little bit, like a figment... the winds, which blow, can stagger, or sway my balance... when a writer, is extant more, upon the frustrated, stymied pages, of recent memory... Time yet moves along! So, until one is ready, to sit down, and actually write... anew... the winds, of change, across his frame, are like the tumultuous, tossing, churning waters, of a stormy sea. So, I like to stay current, stay relevant. So, now you know, how a big part of humankind, feels commonly... at least I've expressed such in words, here... how every other person, manages one or more websites... new ideas, are such valuable, and valued treasure. Anyways, this will tend to be a factor, in my day to day living. Who knows, just of what lies beneath the surface, of printed page, tonight? Why, it's that one who takes up pen, and paper... and places a few thoughts, upon the page... while having no real criterion, for an essay, upon this night or that. One perceives intelligence, arising from proximal subpsyche... and, if he or she lingers, long enough, within a writing session... why, eventually, he will discover just that which is on his mind. So, while sometimes, sensitivities show one, this direction, or that... writer, acts as filter... and navigator, for the seeming random, sometimes chaotic outlay of ideas, which arise... Through ones own mindfulness, a really thoughtful essay, may come to light. So, usually, like an inner compass... writing from passive, reflective modality or, the pushing back, upon the inwardly impingement, one can feel at times... this can be, so amazingly, like the illumining, of a stone facade. Another way to go about this stream-of-consciousness writing... is like unto a sort of sonar... or a depth sounding... in which a graspable range, of ideas, are placed upon the page... and writer, then weighs the feedback illumination... to see if anything, like a trend comes forth... or a decided direction unto an essay... this can often, be such like, a feeling around, in a dark room, and discovering, or formulating ideas, about interior design. So, this may be an imaginative, faculty... I have pondered how, a book or painting may choose, a writer or artist to express itself through... so, one can find, the implicate order, within a day, or week... or just which chapter, chooses to be expressed. So, upon the fields, of heaven... resides an vast archive, of tales, permutations, narratives, myth and lore, and all sorts of access, unto higher mind, or collective soul, are within grasp. The receptive writer, is readily able, to 'downlink,' or 'capture,' or 'transcribe,' from heavenly topography... a useful gadget, or interesting invention... styled formally, like an tapestry, or wall hanging... or somewhat more unique, like an original wood sculpture, or abstract art painting... that which comes, to light, through divination. So, some writings, too, are steeped, within imagistic poetry... and evocative moods... as writers instincts, can show. So, these are three or four directions, of thought, for this particular essay.

Tags: natural cosmos, new thought, lighthouse, inspiration, past light, art of writing
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SoundClick FOUNTAINSPIRIT Show :: October, 2010Oct 13, '10 2:48 PM

by Greg for everyone
I placed a nice quality Kodak microphone out at the bottom of our back yard, by a patch of blackberries, along the fence line, to catch this lively chorus of grasshoppers, beetles, centipedes, flies, ants crawling, and chewing, clicking, and humming, rustling, chirping... and otherwise singing... or sounding out... calling and cawing... basically making up an average saturday, in the backyard, here, of insects, songbirds, and crows, for this 86 min. soundscape... enjoy yourself... I think this is a nice effect.

Sound Click FOUNTAINSPIRIT Show, 2010, (w-nature)
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Tags: light energy, natural cosmos, the within, music, piano, nature
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impressions of natureSep 28, '10 2:01 PM
by Greg for everyone
IMPRESSIONS
OF NATURE

AS OUR EARTH TILTS, GRADUALLY, on its axis, away from the sun, and then gradually tilts, back... northern, and southern hemispheres experience the four seasons of the year. Presently, we in the northern hemisphere, are moving from out of summer into the five or six months of colder temperatures. In the southern United States, where I live, winters are usually fairly mild... 45 degrees farenheit is typically a mean temperature... commonly dipping into the 20s at night. This week is bringing our first autumn red leaves, and gold. So, with thoughts, of Thanksgiving, and the following seasonal gift-making, decorating, and giving. I'm enjoying Christmas music, (although, the month's still September... summer's barely out of the door... winter's coming icy finger-tips, are causing me to layer my garments, and wear hooded jackets.) I am beginning to think, and make some presents. You can't not like winter. Like it or not, it's on its way in, this week, with highs, only in the 60s. This is the time of year, I think, for planting fall turnip greens. Last weekend, brought plenty of rainfall, for the garden... we in the south need all we can get... just please: don't flood us. Birds, gradually take on winter plumage... I wonder, at times, at animals... they can be so curious... I have pondered, is it okay to surmise, that animals... such as birds, and insects, wild cats, bears, and deer... have fondness for entheogens, as they are found, about? Robbins, remind myself, of retired, ageing authors... whiling away a few generations, in the bird family. They have considering, minds... which linger, like molasses, slowly absorbing... the scene, of a person, sitting in the natural environment. They're the most family centered birds, we have, being all about, their young, in the nest each year... catching worms, and taking back to the chicks, in their beaks... worm tails dangling out. Twice last month... small, round spider dropped down, from the back porch eaves upon a silk thread... to a spot, right above my forehead... as I had my morning smoke... tobacco smoke curling up, from the bowl of my pipe. I just wonder... spider, thought he might like a little stimulant, to get the day going? Birds, are quite possibly, like dinosaurs... having perhaps descended, from Pteradactyl... developing feathers, to keep warm, during ice ages... while dogs, and especially wolves... they say, have been around, upon the planet, three times longer, than have homo- sapiens. Where I can sit, on the back porch, I have been observing the butterflies. We have an abundance, of butterflies, this year. Monarchs, and the other patterned, larger ones... smaller yellow butterflies... and the occasional white butterfly. To myself, the white butterfly is purity, and fortune. These creatures, live for maybe six weeks, during their butterfly stage... I've observed the same butterfly, previously, for at least six weeks, before he disappeared. He was sitting, on the patch of bare soil, below the porch, where the women sometimes pour out leftover juice, from vegetables, and such... he was

attracted to the dried juice... anyways, he was sitting there, quite often, one week... one evening after dinner, when the cook stepped through the door, and in one motion, poured a pot of bean juice right where the butterfly was sitting... this little guy, dodged each and every drop of the liquid, crashing down, and shot out, from beneath, and was back in the front yard, in three seconds. He was back in the same spot the next day, licking the pebbles, and savoring, I guess the salty bean juice. Butterflys, I've found, are highly maneuverable, and can move at a speedy pace, when they have to. You would want to think, their steering, would be hit-and-miss, but they can go precisely, where they want to go. If mankind, could possibly design a computer, to be as smart as butterfly instincts, you could make robotic planes... designed like birds... but computers, will probably never match the butterfly. Earlier this week, an inchworm, came indoors, on my shirt sleeve with me, and dropped onto my hand, as I sat down in bed. He was just curious... so I set him across, on the bedside table, resting on my tape deck. I looked back, when I returned to bed later in the day, and he had spun a thread, and was dangling down, perfectly still, from the headphone jack, in full view, of my perch on the bed. I reached over, and gently rubbed him, and he quivered, all over, like a housecat stretching, upon wakening from a dream... then, we regarded each other, and I picked up a book, and read for a while. He wasn't in the same place, when I went to sleep that night, for I had carried him at last back out into the back yard, and set him loose in the grass. He didn't seem at all resentful, or hateful, or scared, of myself, at any time, and he is probably still in the grass somewhere. I wonder... will he later become a butterfly? Anyways, grasshoppers, are all about, during the day... they sit out in the yard, down in between the blades of grass. I previously, had thought that they were moths... When I am sitting on the porch, I have observed, that they will fly straight up, and hover about five feet above the grass for five seconds, or so. They seem to be getting the height advantage, in intervals... taking in the scene, and their larger surroundings, including myself on the porch... so I like to wave hello at them, as they hover. Then, they drop back down into the grass. Those are some of the guys, making the lovely sort of high pitched, singing, humming, chirping sound constantly, during the day... accompanying, I guess the cicadas, and the birds. So there's a wealth, a real plethora, of narratives, about ourselves, when we pay attention to wild animals... my thoughts, are that they like species-contrast, too. I don't think they necessarily envy us.

Tags: natural cosmos, lighthouse, inspiration, nature, art of writing
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touched by god Sep 27, '10 7:31 AM
by Greg for everyone
TOUCHED
BY GOD

WHEN ONE GOES ABOUT TO WRITE, he or she might type out a few words, upon the page, and just look upon, how, this then makes him feel. At the present, I am listening, unto a talk, by the late Harvard M.D. John E. Mack. This gentleman, in my view, was perhaps, the most lucid, and articulate, of writers, on the topic of anamalous experience, or extrordinary experience, closely pertaining unto, the human mind... and subjective experience. Subjective experience, it turns out, can have hyper-ordinary ranges... we've always known this; history is replete with stories of those, whom have been 'touched by God,' in some way... to the point of un-sanity, or distraction... and Dr. Mack's 'witness,' subjects... those whom lived through an world-view shattering experience, such as alien encounters can be... I have often wondered... the roster, of 'experiencers,' those whom have reported extrordinary anamalous experiences... how have they and their personal living experience, endured, passage of time... have new insights, been gained, as to why, such persons became so pulled within, their inner mind... from seemingly non-corporeal beings, and experiences? Knowing, about the 'spatial mind,' wasn't really something, I was privey unto,

until around my early thirties. Today, of course, I have grown, in understanding, and can easily comprehend, in the light of this Nibbanic, or deveachaic realm. There, however, were an experience, almost a decade prior, within which I came into understanding... that conscious sentience, and strength of intellect, is not, solely mankinds domain. Were I to try, and enlighten another, I would be written off... I don't think just everyone, knows distinction, between corporeal, and incorporeal. Kids, tend to think, in simplistic ways, about the grand parent, who has passed on to 'heaven,' and indeed I then did. I think, our ancesters, and animistic beings, have a plan, for the living years, of the younger person, with whom they affiliate. These things, I feel, can be guided by supernatural powers, into the eventual gainful employment, and relationships, and craft... and parents, are key. Flood-gates, need not be opened, until the 'time is right,' one has solved the riddles, and 'persistent questions,' which his or her mind tends, to bring before himself... such as, it seems to myself, the 'lost time,' incidents, in which gaps, in recall are evident. So, how does one go about, to solve these riddles? For myself, was able, by about mid-twenties, to settle myself, down and out, of the co-dependent, kind of social and cultural bonding, with co-dependent people, which I had been attracted to, and which my existance, had attracted, unto itself. So, drawing inward, closing the door, unto the street people, and others who sought what I could offer-- a nice place, to rest for a night, or a week-- this was highly important, unto myself. For, then I began to let my mind just rest, within the contemplative modality. I think, by this time, I had begun writing, and learning to tinker with the prosody, I found emerging from within my mind... I had an inkling, of self-worth... and sense of mystery, and amazement... heaven itself, appearing to have 'favored' myself, with a folder of 'automatic writings,' those sorts of writings, which cause the hand and pen, to move, down the page... I sensed an compositional greatness, emerging, seemingly, from the shadows, of my mind... without my conscious control. So, this writing experience, brought myself, into greater appreciation, of my own ideas of an 'philosophers stone,' I began to have sense of wonder, and curiosity, as to the spatial metric, about my physical form. But I hadn't the perseverance, to approach, the mystery... beyond an imagined conception, of an larger, encompassing being... about sentient life, in general... my conceptions, of Great Spirit, or Universal Soul... the common denominator, of all life, upon Earth. So, and then, I was quite nearly at journeys end, to that period. It wasn't more than six months, before, I found, or was enlightened unto, my own missing 'puzzle pieces...' the question, to the answers, my mind had been finding, for previous decade... and the answer, to the puzzle, of just why, do I felt the way I did... and did the sorts of things I would do. I found the source, of my troubles-- my own actions. I didn't, at that time, possess understanding of the human condition, enough to know proper way, in which to see such an crux... that came later. So, instead, I found myself, in the recovery room, of the university hospital near there... having hurt myself... and with the complete relief, from the suffering, which had typified, my life since graduation, from high school. So, I gradually, recovered the pieces of my life... and today, it doesn't trouble myself. So, this present sort of mature, adult modus operandi, came in stages... across, more than ten years, of inward questing. So, I think, each persons path, or journey is different.

'After time has passed, and you yourself are one, there might be found, too, those who can guide one such as yourself.

Isn't this what is really desired, a guide? '

These words, from my short work 'Ethos of Enlightenment,' suggest at this which I feel, has been of importance to mankind, for millennia... the searching, and need, for a guide. As I understand, my adult role, is so commonly, to chart my own course... I think I know suredly, that 'No one's gonna follow you around, for nothing,' today... 'you're all grown up...' your mind, and good sense... is on par with most anyones... I look for guidance, instead, from within... the old familiar... great uncle... great great aunt... when we keep and hold, our faith, in this thought... which states 'there is a plan, for everyones life...' things, in my life, are just going, to be seen, and understood, before I consciously awaken unto them... I think, that

commonly, this can be how a book, is written... one gets the sense, of a sort of 'tabula rasa,' springing forth from ones mind and imagination... one with clear aims, and goals... and conceptually unified, and varying little, from 'ones best literary intentions.' So, while there will be, those times, when families are strained, and tested, by loss and heartache... having recently lost, a good friend, who stayed at the home where I live... and not fully, having answers, as I might would wish... I am simply reminded, 'no one is guaranteed tomorrow...' this is a part of life's majesty... there are yet many things we can do, to insure ourselves, in event, of loss. So, I guess, I feel a bit touched, all in all, by recent events, and am leaning back, towards writing, as outlet, and diversion, to the sorts of conundrums which a close death, can bring. So, you'll find me writing, when times get difficult... there's no two ways about it... I don't like to let myself get pigeon-holed, within narrow definitions... instead, keep spirit of creativity alive, within hobby and craft. This is my way.

Tags: new thought, lighthouse, the within, inspiration, past light, art of writing
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about fountainspirit musicAug 27, '10 12:31 PM
by Greg for everyone

Greg Norton's solo piano-synthesizer recordings range from cool, aqua-blue, evocative and meditative tone poems, to orange-red, highly energetic and dynamic electronic stream-of-consciousness new-jazz performances, all recorded with minimal production, using solely one, two, and three track processes. The result is a purists dream, a real-time, 'first-takes' oriented catalog of over 120 pieces of music.

Blending 7 years of classical training, under several incredible teachers, with a decade or more of initiation into improvisation and free-form sound experimentation, Greg began recording himself around age 12, in a continuing quest for a musical holy grail, which he has tried to give a representation of, in this 'label-tribute' website.

Hal Cannon, an 1970's era hippie-turned abstract painter-musician, inspired Gregs work within Rambletronics. This sometimes-glitchy, sometimes-straight ahead blues ensemble favored clean guitar interweavings with sit-in player, Robbie Rollins, and some additional, sparse guitar / recording techie work from the kind, 'Eric,' during the two-year period of 1997-'98.
Hal's bypass surgery, and debilitating diabetic condition cut short this prolific project, and in 2003, with Hal's regrettable passing, Greg re-located to his present home, for a slower pace, and to be near his own doctor. Greg now, is heir to Rambletronics master tapes, as are the others who participated. To my knowledge, this is the only online site, where these recordings are represented.

Clay Wortham, lastly (but not in any way leastly,) was Greg's initial, and continuing musical partner, helping shape many facets of todays tastes, with his retro sensibility, and strong values. These recordings, are folk-inspired acoustic jams, which bear a verve, or zest, unmatched within much of contemporary music.
These teams, are represented here. This website, is not for profit, but does serve to represent, all these recordings... which are taken mostly from hi-energy, lo-fidelity master tapes... look for two additional full-length audio recordings, and hopefully, an DVD overview, containing all of these essential recordings, within the coming seasons... this presentation, is an ongoing project.

YAMAHA piano and keyboards used by both Hal Cannon and Greg Norton.

This just in... the listener who wishes can find a selection of Gregs solo piano sessions, as well as a page for Clay and Greg, in the musicians directory, Sound Click, at the links shown here. Please note... the owner of this Spirit Pages website is Greg Norton... but not either of the other guys... Husker Du bassist - (and resturanteur,) Greg nor the pro baseball player, Greg Norton. Just me. So, I trust I've cleared that up, sufficiently. Have a good week.
Attachment: Fountainspirit Collection Album Art - 2011.zip
Tags: audiobooks, inspiration, music, piano, past light
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thoughts of a dayAug 16, '10 9:21 AM
by Greg for everyone
THOUGHTS
OF A DAY

PEERING WITHIN ONES MIND, looking beneath the surface layers, simply reaching, from within, and connecting, ones flow of thoughts, with the surface of the page, this can help one, to be more suredly within himself, or herself. Having, externalized written material... intellectual thought... upon the page, this, then can allow, greater conscious awareness, of the always changing flow of time. A person can readily find, through stream-of-consciousness writing, or music, more or less, how the multifaceted, moment and day relates, unto himself or herself. So often, one goes a distance, within himself... simply questing, upon the day, and age. So while we don't always know precisely what is affecting ourselves experientially, we can know, there are underlying causal factors, which have led unto, ones present feelings, and impressions. So, these are some perceptions, today. One can easily see, such a constancy, within ones own words, and we then have found from within ourselves, that which might, from others be lacking. So there's no lack, for thoughts upon the day. Finding occasion, to practice writing, can be the most challenging part... going the distance, within a muddled mind, can be like pulling teeth. Sometimes, it can seem as if one is distant, from any occasion, for looking upon ones thoughts... but having learned, already, the discipline, to know... 'I should write, here,' such comes easier, with an established path or way. So, just some thoughts, upon my pages. Past, present and future... when the flow of time, is usually a constant, todays future, is tomorrows past. So gladly I travel... knowing, the simple passage of time, can heal all wounds. Having a flair for words is such a benefit, within my living... knowing, what a good balanced flow reads like... such is rhythm, and rhyme. Within the natural environment, in dusky hours... cricket sounds, swell, and subside, and swell from the nearby wooded area. They express, broader cycles, and rhythms... kind of like their tree hosts. Perhaps, crickets, are tree translators... they simply talk within sweeping parabolas, of sound. Enlongated, drawn-out phrasing... kind of like the winds, which blow commonly here. Attuning, with the breezes, night time or day, is such great grounding, for myself. Sound, travels upon the air. So, enjoying pleasant moods, and times, from within recorded music, is so reassuring. And when one can know, there's no place to go, or arrive at at all... everything is accomplished... this is comforting. So knowing, these things, by heart... I have found writing, itself, to be the best teacher... for indeed the mystics have said correctly, in that 'One can know all one needs to know, without ever stepping beyond ones dwelling.' For, commonly, it's within the subtle, interior ways, through which we arrive, upon such a wealth, of insights, and understanding. There, too, is such a wisdom, as can only come by experience... the comparative analysis, which we can apply... having seen much of dimensional ranges... and having such lens through which to see the present... it's not too hard, to size up, or come to terms with this or another day. So, these are some thoughts, tonight. I wonder, at times, of the mountain ranges, in the distance... sometimes, they can seem to be too imposing, or really towering, over myself... when, this old world, has seen far too much hardship, in recent years... mankind, is 'no stranger to the rain.' I feel often, I could use a little reassurance... lest I become, 'self fulfilling prophecy.' So, to my leaders, and guides... keep it real. You get, nothing for nothing... this I'm sure of, I

just have to accentuate, the positive... tell unto me, the ways, of how, the glass is 'half full,' rather than half-empty... and again and again, 'be who you are, not who the world expects you to be.' I think peoples' patience, is so thin, today... time and again, having seen so many people in leadership positions, who have become their own worst enemy, and simply go about their ways, fitting the bill, for the worlds sour expectations. I think, people are highly receptive, firstly, today, to the inspirational... seeking, it, following ideals... seeking strong leaders. So, we're like, dwellers, on the threshold... in a way, the individual is more empowered to day than ever... but the static air, within dwellings, can sometimes lead people along retrograde paths... I think smiling more, is the single most potent medicine, there is. So and when laughter, is the best medicine, do please join in... just some thoughts, this day.
Tags: new thought, lighthouse, the within, inspiration, art of writing
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july - august, 2010Aug 10, '10 6:28 PM
by Greg for everyone
THOUGHTS
UPON WRITING

WHEN ONE WANTS TO KNOW, more about the present, than can be gleaned from surface appearances, he or she will, if so inclined, return to the word processor keyboard, and begin looking within. Writing, is one thing, a person can do, which seems to re-affirm, good of ones essential self. This is to say, that the art of writing, is so entirely from within ones own self... the will, to dream, or to weigh, and feel and see, the ranges, of thoughts, which come about, from the beginning of a paragraph... testing, the nearness, and distances, of information, within the real dimension... reaching within, connecting and inter-joining, of language symbol possibilities... and following, the words onto the page, with my eyesight. This, is such a 'whole self,' sort of endeavor... the visual perceptions, become the subtlest, most reflective, of sensors... looking upon, the words, coming to be upon the page... and weighing them, for 'rightness,' for balance, and harmony... this is the being, of ones self... and stepping from within, the reflective, contemplative, experiential modality... where one finds, oneself, so often, during times 'in between,' writing sessions... when 'new thought,' is percolating. So, and one allows, his or her self, to dream... and exercise the poetic faculty... the ability, to rein in, the nether reaches, within his or her self... the bringing together, of the loose strands, of thought, which he or she has been following... and applying, an idealistic, sort of criteria, for ideas... one remembers, the quietude, within nature, for instance... when animals, are resting, and looking down, upon the person in the yard. Or, envisioning, of the magical... or of the mystical, sorts of lands, to be found within memory... for it is words, like these, which can take on the rich, patina of time... as they become read, and re-read, within future lands. One, herein wonders, at the possibilities, then, which reside, near unto waking awareness... when a watercolor pallatte, has a rainbow, of colors... one can choose, the gray, tones... but why not, the more evocative, hues... when time, becomes the artisan, the simple freedom, to choose, now, can become, the very special places, found within, an colorful future. So, and todays, discomforts, and aches, become entirely forgotten, within any given tomorrow... and the wisdoms, which we can gain, as we see... the muddy, and clouded... becomes, the clear, and tranquil; time works this wonder. So, and weighing, these words, now... I recollect, that the worlds, of thought, and imagination, when kept within, the mind, are means, to the weighing, and testing, of ideas... without actually speaking them, or placing them upon the page... while writing, we might incorporate, these recent ideas... we might give them unto the page, having seen, their worth, and value, from the mere reflecting upon them... we are allowed, to see ways, they make one feel... before, making them our own.
So, these are some of the perceptions, around the art of writing, today... the sort of solid, lands within which I often dwell. I know, then, those kinds of words, which might allow, a

positive experience... I know, then, a nice, mellow light wave frequency... and am able to put such onto the page. So, this which the reader, can find, are often seen to be, a kind of feeling around, within my present moment... and weighing, and perceiving, the ways the stable, thoughts look and feel, as they are placed upon the page. So, and importantly... these things are well familiar, unto myself... were I just beginning, a path of writing... I know, I would often be at a loss... when today, writing often comes about, as I feel most distanced, from 'blissful states of mind,' and when I am, sometimes just so distracted, by dystension, and discomfort, within my consciousness. I don't think, that the beginning writer, would see these sorts of places, to be starting points, for good writing... I think I wasted a lot of my time, as a 25 year old, from failing to make this 'writing connection,' from missing out, on what might be the most fertile, and rewarding writing sessions, I might ever find. So, today, I've learned to 'empower,' myself... when I feel weak, I reach for the word processor keyboard... a tool... and simply, get back up on my feet. And then, I have found, perhaps, an important key, for myself... my present work, is carried, to greater fullness, as I have discovered, an new handhold, or step stone, along my writing path. So, for just all of these reasons, 'the art of writing,' is a topic, from which I can usually, find worth. Coming from a place, of magnified inner consciousness, a micro-cosm, which blends in readily, with the macro work. And, then, these words, seem so un-pretentious, as I find, they're completely 'from the heart,' and self-referrential... not styled, in any particular way, formally... not bowing, to the hot topics, of this present day and age... instead, they're natually construed, and delved of the commonplace.

~

Looking within, is an unbinding, and an releasing, of positive feelings, from the mind. Over time, ones intelligence is shown, to be clear, unvarnished, and undiminished, by the aches and pains, of this or that day. So, writing, can be like, the path out of, the forest... leading into, the clairity... the sunshine... of the meadow. It can be, by the bringing together, of the loose strands, of thought... within him or her self... and an integrating, of them, into an concise, articulate essay, that one truely finds him or herself, to be whole, and undivided. Sitting within, the backyard, this afternoon... feeling, the southerly breezes, and seeing, the ways they cause the leafy trees, to sway... waving, and whispering, their relationships, with the soil, water, sun, and sky, unto myself... I am always, so drawn to trees... these beings, look to be 30 years, or older, some of them... they will probably match my life span... or do better... and trees are fairly unique, in this. Birds, and squirills, live 4, maybe seven years, in this neighborhood... the life span, of a tree, is like that of a person... they, too can tell the story, of the years... and trees and plants have a fluid, intelligence, of their own, contained, within their leaves, and stem tips; they're different, from us, in that they move more slowly. They will grow, towards the light source, which has the most probability, of being on, any given time... (can a bird, or squirill do that?) ...they grow, towards the light, of the sun.

When I see, my own life, from the inside... along, my own internal volumes, and be within myself, I re-awaken, to the wonder, of the day. The sun, gradually sinks, beneath the western horizon... 'What would my spirit, have me know? Have me see?' 'The forgotten world awaits, within darkness, within dreams...' paraphrase, from another contemporary writer... With the waxing moon, rising tonight, what dreams, will follow me, along paths of night? 'We, ourselves, choose the lands, within which we exist.' As our lives, create, and are created, by the world, might we choose, future lands, with eloquence, clairity, and ease. As our ways, become illuminated, by the light, of our own being... and we save, and save again, onto our pages, the impressions, and sensibilities, of our days, and nights... might we do so, within knowledge, of the past... and inspiration, for the future. For future beings, will look back, upon our lives, and ways... might, we allow, those future dwellers, freedom, and allowance, to dream... of times before... not merely analytical, but with enthuse, for times gone by.

Within the within,
in a timeless dimension
of spectacular proportions.

Ascending, expanding boundlessly,
simply dwelling on the leading edge
of the cascading envelope of moments...

Worlds within worlds, reshaping,
redefining one another,
within a morphing, evolving Universe.

Fractels blossoming easily
within one another,
guided always by the steady hands
of the great 'time.'

But then, later, in the morning,
when inner vision is away from you,
quietly replenishing itself on the new,
the vast cosmos will lie beyond your grasp,
and your tasks will be of the ordinary.

yet, within this ordinary livelyhood,
perhaps variables will coalesce,
and fractal planes will mesh,
blossoming, just outside your awareness,
and infinitely wonderous realities
may come into existance,
and your spirit will be enlivened,
and you will feel young again.

So, these are some thoughts, upon my pages. So, I hope you can see how, we can invest, into the present, our highest perceptions, and thoughts... this, then is an end in itself, as 'life seems to reward those, who try, even above those who try not.' So, why not, look within, over the space of an evening... placing a few words, upon the page, and just tinkering with them... an eloquent phrase here... an invention there... see just what sort of article, might come about, over time. You'll find, as I have, a richer, more fulfilled existance... and others, too may share in your fulfillment. Just some thoughts.

EXPLORATION
ON THE PAST

WHEN ONE WISHES, TO LOOK behind, and beneath his minds' surface, layers, then he or she might pick up a ball-point pen, and paper, and go about to discern, upon the page. So then, the mind, re-awakens to the wonders, of living. Approach writing, in this way: the mind, can be seen, as an ocean. This which we feel, think, and see upon the surface of the page, is only the beginning, of the story. So, anything written, or placed upon media, on this or any day, evokes ones own feelings... this is like balancing... for- seeing, the ways, negative or positive arrangements of words, make one feel should be so rewarding, for the individual, that he or she begins writing, more and more frequently. When I can really do this, I find richer, more fulfilling existance. So, for myself it's kind of like gardening... different spatial locales, within my mind-brain, over time, are more fertile, and ready for sowing, others less. So, writing comes about, as a way of speaking, to the current issues, and themes, within ones life, and also, as a sort of way of 'accentuating the positive.' So, and the pleasant

feelings, which a craft, or hobby like writing builds, within all those about, are sure sign, one is on the right path. So, writing, is most commonly, an answer, to the more or less pleasant, effects, of living, today. So, as times and trends, are often so divergent, the art of writing is a sort of re-aligning, of the two. Writing, seems to equate, to financial security... although, my disability income, is enough to live on, I feel that thru the presenting, of a thought, or idea, or a pleasant arrangement, of recent ideas, in public fashion, my quality of being, is correspondingly better. I have definitely found this to be.

So, these are some thoughts.

****
Know, now,
what is meant by time.
Moments... years.
Flow, not of an etherial intangible,
as men could really perceive, no,
but the hands upon a clock,
and putting one's head, in time,
upon a pillow.
This is Time.
Empty space is quite positively hollow.

(At least this is the impression we're given of the mind... our perception of an inwardly interpolation, of what might be a definable shape in space-time, like our light bodies, our heart and soul, our physical form... something like, our mind-brain relationship, in the present, within, the encompassing spirits. So life for a 'being' in the 'ocean' of time might seem like a near and intimate feeling. Just like a sphere, maybe the size of a small cavern... just a graspable, or defined environment, more conscious, of the vast expansiveness of the ocean as we know it, highly conscious, of the flow of time... in the material world.)

No other understanding need be found.
Mind, Spirit, these come with the turf, here.
Now, what of Mind?
Is an intangible?
An unknowable?
What is?
When you're in it, you know.
(In here)

Thinking upon the subject of the afterlife almost always leads me to thoughts about the mind... that elusive realm which we become party to as we begin to move in to the infinite worlds of color and light all around us. The more I stay in this area of thought, the more sure I become, that we are definitely not alone, and that the gate to all mysteries is as close to us, when we are receptive to it, as the space in front of our eyes. This is really the knowledge which this website boils down to... the distillation of that which I have found... perhaps, many of us, will one day part the veil and step across into Nirvanna, and thus become like a fish in the infinite sea... surrounded by countless other energetic beings and varieties of experience, within a state which might could be described as 'weightless,' 'no boundaries,' 'cosmic,' 'limitless,' ...a realm of almost pure sensibility? (Still another, may find, something like unto the getting out of one life situation, and into another. I think, that this way of thinking, about parallel universes, and alternate dimensions, addresses, some of the less obvious, questions which thoughts, upon the mind, can lead unto.)

Below?
Above?

Where?
Lets see...
How about,
querry the Spirit,
and see.
Feel, ye, in time, the soul...
the Great Soul,
immaculate, expansive, deep.
Trancy. In other words,
to be in, is to be out.
So, perhaps, beyond, or outside,
somehow above the Earth,
Another Realm,
A Kingdom for you,
A Mystery.
Peace, Love, Joy, such is Real.
Real is Mind, as well.
Perhaps.... quantum consciousness? Maybe?
Don't know really.
Oh, to partake, and know.
(In Time)

****

Surely, to bring a larger perspective to the page, like this is then something, the writer finds rewarding. So, remembering earlier writings, can be like a handy reality check, as it is for myself presently. The ranges, and degrees, and profundity of experiences, are smaller... more manageable, less worrisome. For the tempo, of present or recent writings, by myself, is fairly well controlled, and within 'cool dimensions,' somewhat contrasting, with the more ecstatic, visionary ranges, found elsewhere. My relationship, unto myself, is improved. Sometimes, however, living experiences make me reexamine, the past, and see how truely far one has come. So, attuning, to the flows of earth energy, about oneself, he or she might look within. Writing, in stream-of-consciousness modality, is an unbinding, and releasing, of positive feelings, from within, the mind. Subtle energy, flows all around and amongst people, animals, and plantlife. There are underlying flows of subtle energy, behind, the physical world, we call home. (We as people, have brains... we have a mind, grounded, partly in the sensual.) So, knowing, to look for directions, and flows of subtle energy, behind, and beneath the visual real-world construct, can be helpful, as often, changing times, or conflicting themes, within others of ones contemporaries, can give such a divided, or distracted effect, upon and about the five senses, in one form or another. It can help, to see it, and let go, of it. I have had experiences, within my life, wherein complicated imagistic and symbolic visual designs, have been seen by myself, upon the surfaces of things, about myself... the floor, walls, and just anything. These images would remain fixed in place; one could walk around the room, and the designs would stay put, seeming to be arising to the surface... from within objects, and so forth. These experiences, but confirmed the thought, which I already had embraced... the real world we see about ourselves, is accurate and proportional representation of the real dimension, which we find through the five senses... but partly, just a perceptual representation, as emotions, and feelings can so often blind, or cloister the consciousness, as to this which is actually present about ourselves. So, it's sometimes, only in the telling, or the re-telling, thru writing, or divination, that one gets glimpses, of the lands about his or herself. 'If the doors of perception were opened, we would see things as they truely are-- infinite.'
Tags: light energy, new thought, lighthouse, the within, music, past light, art of writing
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shadows lengthen - reprint, 2009Jul 27, '10 12:52 PM
by Greg for everyone
SHADOWS
LENGTHEN

AS THE AFTERNOON SHADOWS LENGTHEN, here, I am drawn into this flow of recorded language symbols. I wonder... what do these words, want to reveal to myself, this day? Will they speak of long forgotten summers, of mystery and majesty, which has gone before? Or, shall my heart, merely speak... across the veil of time, and enfold me in her quietude. When one sets about to tune in, to enlighten his or her self, as to that which is beneath the surface layers, of his mind, he instinctually, looks upon, his now... poetry, is an awesome tool, for unlocking emotions, which sometimes are embedded in the depths, of ones self. I have found this to be, and while, this is a magic, thing... it tends to resist, labeling, or categorising, as such and such a 'process,' or specific. So, I have begun to see, how sometimes, the poetic faculty, itself, is of such great mystery... inherently, it bears resemblance, to a kind of a 'depth,' analysis, or approach... to the interior realms. One sounds the depths, and scans the heights of his or her subconscious... without this ability, to draw together, the loose divisions one finds within... I would, have no real impetus, to write. So, so often, my mind... is like unto, a kind of untapped potential... I know, that magic is all around us, as people... I don't access is enough. The Mysteries... of the Earth. Showered by the suns rays, or drenched in the majestic night, we call this place our home, and simply read, from the pages of this planets genetic memories. Love has always existed. People grow, and the highest aspirations of adulthood are completely entertwined with love. When we fall, love can help us back to our feet. Because of this, we call some love divine, or higher love. Seeing ones own life from the inside, one feels love. Angels, dwelling on high, have abundant love for all life on this planet, and we can experience this love from that place within ourselves where our ideas about ourselves are born, and shaped. So, when angels are about, this love is clear on the outside. Only love, higher love, binds hearts together. This is the great good we see in those all about ourselves... something, like spoken of in the Tao Teh Ching, something undefined, and yet complete. It is like an astral light, shining above this mortal coil. I think that there are threads which tie hearts together, a love of all life, for life. Nature, is an nurturing, mother. I have learned how, she can elevate, those, who choose to draw from her comfort. The simplest, wild animal, when one becomes common, daily, in her natural environment, will approach a person, curiously... and animals, too know just the companionship, to give a human. Gestures, smiles, and winks, can easily reach even a wild animal, and she becomes a complementary, presence, within the environment, she will admit, the human, into her companionship area. So, nature, really a dancer, embraces, the opportunity, presented her, by a persons presence. The local fauna, which one finds, near ones dwelling, in a suburb, or park environment, are accustomed to the ways of people. They might could all fly and hop, away to a woodland environment, apart from mens dwellings. But instead, there are those animals, which are attracted to people... like turtledoves, and squirills. They come in close, and I think have a reciprocal relationship... hoping for the occasional snack, or bread crumbs, scattered around the yard, and in turn, showering the person, with bird song, and chortles... a person, in the yard, can always, get attention, from a wild animal. There's the species contrast, and I think animals, curious of people, also like the natural human curiosity, for the feathered, the furred. It's akin to gender contrast... opposites attract, and find common cultural elements, within both. Animals, are naturally social, creatures. Food, means, 'come together... we'll eat together.' Birds, will ignore, a birdfeeder, with seeds in the tray, all morning long, being pre-occupied, with pecking about the yard. But, when a person, out of doors, opens a bag of chips, or chocolate, or any snack, the animals understand, and come to the feeder, together... man and beast, both partake, keeping watch upon, and over one another, smiling back and forth. So, life on Earth, is like a time in the Garden of Eden. Man, and animal, when gradually acquainted, one to the other, share presence. What else, will this evening reveal? When, in

doubt, get out in nature.... bring your writing... and let her shine her warmth, upon your pages. You'll climb, from the low spot, back into good graces. Nature is a second opinion. You can usually find her singing, taking joy, in another fine day. Because, life is good. It feels good, to be alive, today. And Mother Nature knows, all about family love, and love medicine. The natural attraction, of life, unto life.

Tags: light energy, lighthouse, the within, past light, art of writing
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writings :: 2010Jul 14, '10 7:37 PM
by Greg for everyone
2010

IN CONSIDERING, LAST WEEKS posting, of the overview, of u.f.ological topics... and my understandings, with them... the efforts, at finding positive meanings, from within this subject... in this modern age... I came, in retrospect, to see, that E.T., is like a collective doubt... which mankind, is occasionally affected by... and I think, importantly, I too, saw that... secret doubts, seem to chase every human success. I mean, we're only mortal... and must, it seems, struggle, and suffer, and strive for years, sometimes, years of blackest night... before, coming, into a place of greater understanding, and wisdom... this which can be chanelled, into a lasting establishment, and healthy responses. And, history reveals, that it's always been this way. Ancient scriptures, are full of tales, of 'dark nights,' of the soul, from which, eventually, springs the fount of great genius. Sages, speak of transformative journeys, of descents, into the depths, and a conquoring, or reckoning, with a shadow side... and re-emergence, into light... in other words, we cannot entirely remove, ourselves, from the time in which we live... the nature of existance, is a blending, of both dark and light elements... both the dense, and heavy... and the bouyant, and effervescent, do exist. I can't have one, without the other. The day divides the night... the night divides the day. Secret doubts, chase every success. , it's the human condition, which is so frail, and tender... in the face, of these sometimes fierce, natural elements, and foes. So, to me, the best observance, of the E.T phenomenon.... is that the dream of the sages, has come into a realisation... and with it, a kind of an eleysium, of instantaneous communication, and travel... an evolution, of information society, into which just all light energy vibrations, ever placed on lasting media... tablets, discs... papyrus, and scroll parchment... illuminated manuscripts, from the invention of printing... all organized thought, from the dawn of recorded history... has been poured, and is readily accessable, from most any locale, on Earth. Thousands, of years of dream work... struggles, strife, oppression, poverty, hunger... the rise and fall of countless schools of thought, within the continuum, of this recorded epoch... is seen, in this very real light, of the present. And the u.f.o. data, makes me wonder... have we come this way before, previously in Earths history? Have civilisations, and industry and technology, arisen time and again, flowering outward, into an intricate, interconnected society, of information... only, to regard, itself, in the mirror, of the historical overview, of a postmodern consumerism... simply, are we the first people, here upon Earth, to have developed binary communication? , lets be realistic. Society, is realised... this interconnected web, of binary technology... anamolous experiences,I guess, express, the unique perspective, of the human psyche... walking, between, earth, and sky... dwelling amidst past, and present, and looking into this mirror-like veil, which is as close as the tip of our noses, yet as far, as the moon, and stars. , lest we become 'self fulfilling prophecy,' just remember, in thoughts of u.f.ology... these, ultimately, are nagging doubts... of the sorts, faced by the teenager, on exam day... having spent large part of the year daydreaming, and knowing, he must account, for the lessons he was exposed unto, but maybe didn't learn. These are the sorts of doubts, which hound after the engineer, whose bridge, he knows must hold up years and years of heavy traffic. Were the materials sound? Did the workers complete the task adaquately? Was his blueprint, both structurally sound, for the present... and able to bend

and flex, in light of tectonic stress and strain? Will his companys' good reputation, survive? So, and as a civilisation, which has sent probes soaring to the outer fringes of the solar system, and beyond... which has placed human footprints, upon the moon.... which today, has unraveled the geneome, of mammoths, which lived 14,000 years in the past... you see, questions, run deep. , my earlier collection, of u.f.o. related articles, were my most articulate reflections, and with these,an leaning against a large mysterious phenomenon, which modern man is party to... my unfamiliarity, with the topic, so vast and mysterious, and unexplained... let me, sometimes exercise, my poetic, expressive skills, and I think, it is the uncertainty, and unfamiliarity, with the factors, of u.f.ology, which lets one envision, along mythic lines.

~

When, one wants to know, more about the present... than can be gleaned from surface appearances, he or she, will, if chooses, fall back upon his or her craft, discipline, or practice. Whether it's sketching, on a notebook... writing, in a journal... or clipping coupons... he or she has something, through which to feel, the ranges, of the day... and test, the nearness, and distances, of information. Compare, the uncommons, with the unusuals, with all the familiars. My mind, is like a stepped pyramid, or an terraced hill... and through, the setting forth, of a grammatical duad... on the page... 'I write, therefore, my mood is improved...' a relationship, of one to the other... more confidence, is then gained... as to, the perceptions, of the ever morphing past-present-future field, or ground. I think, the best things about writing, might include... the self assertion, the self affirmation of writing... the assuming, to an extent, of the reins, of ones life, and time... and the empowering sense, of newness, this can bring. New thought... new ideas... to a writer, these are analogous, to new life. To a writer, living is centered, around, his or her livlihood... his craft, or avocation... much like, a mother hen, to the eggs, in her nest. New ideas, are welfare, well-being, and sustenance... when, they are well placed, on a page. Writers, somehow learn a sort of dancing courtship... with ideas, onto the page. Dance, is really the key. I've thought this before: Starting with a familar, tried and true introductory idea, a writer, sets in motion, the hand-eye-mind circulation, or current, of ideas, onto the page... you might not think, there is new thought about... and find yourself, surprised, and gifted, by a new essay, or paragraph.... spun forth from, the unique now... when there never has been, nor will ever be, a moment, like this one again... Now, is unique. There's a perspective, one can find, if blessed with inner clairity... of an ever-evolving, universal, as well as individual, flow of moments... this present moment, is component-nature, of the same universal flow, or flux, of moments, found within even the most distant star systems. So, throughout all the universe, there is but one now. It may be future, to one, or past, to another... but now is unique... will be, or was. Thoughts, upon the fullness, of the now. Another direction, or idea, which can be delved into, is how size dimension, is an entirely relative concept. Very small, becomes the inside surface... which loops around, to form a continnuum, with very big... two sides, of the same coin. So, and this, I think, is a writers invention... for interior illumination, of the soul... a constant, which can be referenced, time and again... an means, for getting in step, with universal, classical traditions. So, while we look within ourselves, we are simultaneously looking towards the heavens... and finding, a natural, common ground, between heaven and earth... one then, quests no more. I think, the most common typifier, of the digital age, we live in, is change. And, in this period, of worldwide recession, as the inexplicata, and ineptness, of the previous two decades, have come, at last to light... and with cold winds, at times whipping around our collars... change, is not really what everyone wants... for there are plenty of established, men and women, who just want to hold onto, what they have got. I think, older people, can be this way... just trying to get a handle, on the state of things, today... and holding firm, to the past. The younger, are always coming about, and so I think the pain of growing up, is much, today. There can't be much extra cushion; the breaks and slips, are painful... less free. So, I want to be sensitive, to younger folk. And, too, I wonder... our precious home planet, Earth... I think, back, across the weeks, and months... I think, perhaps such issues, as ice

crystals, forming more frequently, in upper atmosphere... a steep drop, in upper atmospheric temperatures, as the reader, might have read... and down on the surface, the solar cycles, and carbon pollution, is holding sway... amongst planet consciousness... not to mention, ocean water pollution, deforestation, and proliferation, of genetically modified food crops...pronounced glacial melt, and rising sea levels... these are just a few obvious guesses, as to ways, our Gaia, might be witholding... and resistant, to change... well, when change, might include the plunging of the planet into another ice age... resistance to change... is just natural. And there are conundrums, afoot, at times... empty space, often seems two-faced... and polar opposites, and harsh contrasts... live in close proximity... yes, is no. So, the Planet Spirit, seems, to myself, at age 40, unusually cold, and resistant, to rates of change. So, there's a distinct harrowing,... as peripheral vision, is at times caught up in... change factors, happening miles beneath the crust... it's the ages old effect, of attachment, and grasping, causing pain. So, the Buddhaists, and myself... and many others... have given, dispassioned detachment, high priority. This is the remaining constantly aware, of ever-changing feelings, and sensations... and refraining, from grasping, at ghosts.

~

Whenever new writing arises, from within the mists of my mind... about myself...in a flowing coming together... I reach for my word processor keyboard, and begin writing. Actually, the art of writing, is like unto a triune, or triad, of functions... a flowering, upward, from my human physiology, my subpsyche.... which I am able, to engage within, like putting boat into a stream...and throughout the areas, of subtle will, and typing know-how, over course of time, compose an article, or essay... a righting, of my vessel, within the water... a natural, and learned response behavior, which comes up, sometimes... during times, of tectonic stress, and strain. I'm usually subtly attuned, within myself... to the fossilized, artforms, I have invested time, energy, and patience, into creating over the years. Music, literature... it's the ways, a father, knows whenever and whatever, his progeny, does... so I am all within, the life and times, of my externalized art. To accomplish, a thoughtful, stimulating article, or essay, is sort of like quantuum chemistry. Physical discomfort, is a hinderance, so I want to make myself comfortable... When I sit to write, it's akin to a concentrated, and quantifyable, receptiveness, yet from within an unatached kind of no-mind sort of place... an recorded linearity, of expression. The writer sees, hands... heart... mind... all one. There's a new and brilliant field of study, which I think, is related as probiotics. This is the idea, which suggests, that, simply, we as people, are souls... our souls, are we ourselves... and our intricate physical bodies, are conceived from union of sperm and egg.... our light bodies, start microscopic, and through cell division, and growing, along genetic codes, using nutrients and oxygenated blood through our umbilical cord, as sustenance, grow to full term, and are born into the world. The miracle of life, itself, is no simple demonstration, I should think, of what must be, numerous quantuum states, and functions, and properties, and principles, which might well could be coroberated, through quantuum physics... by studying particles, their non-linear behavior, and interactions with each other. Like 'spooky action, at a distance,' so do living systems, develop, and function in perfect harmony, and symphony. A tissue... a membrane... an vescicle. We, can quantify the bodys blueprint, within the genetic sequence.... it however takes miracle redundancy... it takes union of mother, and father...the miracle, of a third presence... to allow central nervous system, to create circulatory system, respiratory, and endocrine system, to have them develop and function as one, with fluid grace. So, when one wishes to tune into, the subtle rhythms and flows, about him or her self, he can just look within. Finding, a place of complete contentment... within which he or she knows, there is no place to go, or arrive at at all... everything is accomplished.... this is truely the best part of the day, for myself. Sometimes, when my mind, is feeling pressured, or pulled, in different directions... when I am in a time, of experiential, travelling... getting to the word processor, is essentially, when one gets 'off of the merry go round...' and begins, to speak, to the differences, of the day... from a still center, within him or her self. So, finding harmonies, and relationships, amongst ones self, and higher selves, comes easily... when

one says, what one feels, onto paper... and refrains, from being, outside, of that still center... or from speaking from a less, than whole hearted, relationship, unto 'the entire self.' I believe, that my small, quiet world, can put forth beneficial art... in keeping with simplicity, and speaking, only that which I really desire, to say... nothing more. It becomes, like unto a tracing, or articulation, of that which may be vague, or shadowy, forms, below level of immediate appearances... an constant, clairification, and illumination, of ones own particular, perspective... an elaboration, upon just whom one is, presently, with regards, to the figmentary, sensory awarenesses, playing along his or her sixth sense. So, and when one can feel, as if his or her words, are serving, as an balancing, factor, amongst disparate, elements... amongst, self, and higher selves... between, within, and without... well, then, this is lke unto an higher calling... an aligning, amongst, that which might seem, to be clashing, colliding waves... all along, that which is like unto personal choices, and a personal style. So, 'What's it all about?' For myself, this day, has but led up to, this writing... so this is it... this is my sum. My questing, ceases... for I myself, am fashioning, a page of answers... presently, I am placing, the days, shadows, onto the page. They then have such less power, over myself... and I consider, in the clear light, of bliss... that which at times, seems so intangible... so phantasmagoric, so obtuse, and misshapen. So, and finding a place, of tranquility, and quietude, within myself, is the most, I could aspire unto. So, you'll often find me in an experiential modality... it may seem, as if I can't be reached, or I'm distant, and distracted. But, at the end of the day, when I get to arrive, at a place of writing... a re-telling... it's from a perspective, then, of some knoweldge, some experience. Without, having gone the mile, or travelled, the distance, seeing, anothers perspective.... I'd be at more, of a loss, verbally. The text medium, for myself, is the key, which turns the lock, this day. So, maybe, through the subtle suggestions, of the written word... anothers mind, will find itself placated... for within changing times, it's good to know, there are yet constants.

ON PSYCHIC
DISCERNMENT

WHEN ONE DESIRES, to look within, he or she might start, with a familiar, tried and true idea, or flow of ideas... just get yourself thinking, onto the page, with the typewriter keyboard. I myself, don't always have, much real direction, of my own, any given time... it's only as words and thoughts progress, on the page, that I find, ideas and concepts, can spark, from one expression... words, lines of thought, paragraphs... to the next... writing, seems to usually, take care of itself. People, in my world, talk in terms, of feelings: 'I don't feel good, right now,' or 'I do, feel good.' I am for, that thought, or less. I am following you, or simply, 'you've lost me.' Tonight, my soul guide, is leading me to bring these ideas, to your consciousness... ghosts, I've found, can cause such a blurryness... detailed objects, or concepts, or ideas, or topics, can be lost, in a haze, of generalized discomfiture. So, I wonder, if in thoughts, of the paranormal... or just for ease of reference, the anamolous... a top priority, for an investigator, or researcher, might be, in keeping faith, with being specific. So, I feel, less than good... my mind's a blur... but specifically, just what sort of being, is relating, unto myself? Can I localise him or her, with respects, to ones forward vision, and spatial consciousness? I think, that while beings, or elementals, perceived within the minds eye, are specific, distinct existances, they can express, themselves into ones life, along very specifically non-personal sorts of ways. And this, might could be said to comprise, or pertain unto ones space-time relationship. I think, it could be said, that in thoughts of dwellers within higher realms... 'nothing personal,' can be seen as a principle mantra. So, while, these will usually be familiars, from 'somewhere within ones family tree,' and such relationships, with such beings, are given, of what must be thought 'family attraction,' 'natural familial bonds,' 'family love,' we just understand, at a point, that such will inter act with a persons soul, as a mode, of relationship maintainance... ones relationship, to life, and living... ones relationship, to East, or West, North, or South... to Earth, Air, Fire, or Water... to Time... to a specific period of time... to a matriarch, or patriarch... and future, standing, therewith, more so than with, or pertaining unto, the being, at hand. Beings, perceived within the mind, are

almost always, go-betweens, or intermediaries... usually standing between, the person, and his or her God (concept.) When, an being shows up, close within consciousness... such is intrinsically, relative... to future times... and ensuring good footing within the future, with respects to some specific object, being, place, concept, construct. There are many people, with blurry vision... whom might be lacking, in specific, knowledges, of intra-dimensional dwellers, beyond, him or herself... and dimensional relationships... illusion, holds sway with many. So, always remember, within the mind... it's just a testing ground... a grand illusion... so don't be seduced, by fashion, and blurry phantasms... like drama... comedy, and tragedy. Changing times, and having much information close at hand, can tend to make one prone to flights of fantasy, but always, be specific, and specifically, be honest with yourself, if you're writing. Do you really know, the meanings, and relationships, of word families you reference? Or are one just being dramatic, and using sweeping, hyperbole, and exaggeration?
When one goes about to write, he or she looks upon, the surfaces of the ethers, which comprise, or signify, the threshold, between consciousness, and subconscious mind. Music, travels on the air. Passing through air, sound waves pick up perceptual quanta which are characteristic, of local space-time. Is the time, healthy, and strong... radient, and joyful... tranquil and stable... hopeful, or positive... exuberant... introspective, reflective, creative, inter-connected, and at one with self? Joyous? Ecstatic? Fulfilled? Rewarding? Rich? Overflowing and bouyant? How are 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' holding up, amidst this, or another patch of space-time. Today, tomorrow, and forseeably... is ones integrity, and the integrity of his or her surroundings, faring better... less, or more. One can hear, signs, of all these relationships, today, from beneath, and behind, recorded music, as it is perceived, through the inner ear. Is future, financially secure... is there gainful work, and self-worth? How is physical health and inner well-being, doing, with respects, to previous times in ones life? And ones extended family... these being ones greater self... is entire self, healthy, and happy? Seeing these things, from day to day, and onward, is the gift which being able to perceive, underlying chemistry, affords... the matrix, through which music travels, is air. So, and the local spirit, doesn't really keep secret, the perceptions, pertaining to future. And here's the gist: 'Empty space, has handles... you can grasp it.' Remember, in listening, and feeling, today: Ones entire physical and inner self, is a net, of most sensitive receptors... ones feelings, inwardly, and outwardly, form, or comprise the collective readout, or meter, or oscilloscope. Emotive tonal colors... reading them, from ones self, and from within others selves, cues the collective, within the place, in as to health, wellbeing, and happiness. So answers, are plenty, from within our own selves... one needn't go beyond, for understanding, and appreciation, of local space-time. Look upon, ones oscilloscope. I stay tuned in, like this... through offering descriptions, upon the page, of varying patterns, and waveforms, which are continually, playing about... I keep myself posted. Nowadays, when I go to the page, I will have a measure, of experiences, like these, from since my last writing session. Elementals, represent times of change. One needn't personally be affected by changes, to find prescience, pertaining unto them. Springtime, is always a time of change, and new growth. Changing times, upon earth... my mind relays, such into my consciousness... mostly, as a sort of tactile, rhythmic pulling and stretching, perceived within, or upon my inner ear, or cochlea. So, and as an useful method for helping illuminate, these relationships, I have in the past, sought, to localise, the boundaries, of the mind... you see, such and such a time, upon this planet, will usually be represented, by a sort of blurring, or interference pattern, upon surface, of the pool, of my own deep mind. Within myself, I might be calm, stable, and tranquil... I will have the ability ranges, to guide myself, throughout the experience... but upon the reflective surface, of the unconscious mind, will be effects, varying from, ripples... to crashing waves... some quantuum variences, within the subtle air composition, can have more pronounced effects... others, less. So, I have postulated, that these subtle changes, are mediated, or allowed, into, or onto ones perceptions... partly through animistic representational methods. The being, representing, the change... is outside, or below, the level of my conscious awareness... yet one can infer, its presence, and find leverage, then, upon what might be mysterious... by looking at the interference patterns, upon the surfaces of the mind. So, and where is it, that I have

acquired, insight which can allow, such a leap of faith? Such seems, almost to be like a genetic memory... something intrinsic, to my being. But, at any rate, I think most people, use one or another visualisation method, for lessening certain tensions. I am glad, that I do not have any physical discomforts today; my pains, are almost always, psychical.

ENERGY...
THE ETERNAL DELIGHT

THIS QUOTE BY WILLIAM BLAKE, states how, when we migrate, our consciousness, to the underlying energy, flowing through all that is... this can affect the ways, we see and appreciate the world. One wants to be alive, and see, feel and express vitality, and excitement. In solving... the puzzles, the analogues presented by his or her inner sensory pallate, it can be an assist, to just have some 'start words,' say, for instance, a phrase, like that which starts this sentence, I am typing now. I have surely found, that it can help, so much, to set forth a few words... one begins, a typing rhythm... from the beginning, of the article, and words, fall into place, here on my page. So, rather, than trying to be so inventive, and find ever increasingly new ideas, for words onto pages, let the typing dance, do the work for yourself. My fingers interact with, the evolving moment, and while, I've written 'ideas about ideas,' often enough, the content, I find, is so particular, to the present moment... such that, the interest, can be maintained, across time, within this writing. So, the writing, is mostly, pertaining to ones present, indwelling moment. So, when one sees, how the moment is created anew, always... it never reappears, or repeats... in quite the same way... this lets, me relax, my conventions, and strictures, so much... so it's as if, there's no particular need, for this writing to be special... right away, it is individuation, in microcosmic, detail. Language, weights... lend more creedance, or importance, to one or another idea... as one places such on to the page. There's a strata, of conscientiousness, through which one shapes, words onto the page. So, in truth, one has already, all of the signposts, and trail markers, set forth, within ones, language collective.. through which he or she expresses, him or herself.
The perceptions, afore myself, this day... space, is ringing... singing. I've just today received back a very limited edition, of my current writing projects, printed and bound... so, there's something new, something, real, for the bookshelf. This, naturally, starts me in thought, toward these humming, ringing perceptions. My Christmas, has come twice, this year... first, as the world had a safe happy Christmas Day, and secondly, as I received my two printed copies back from a local printshop. So, in looking upon the leading edge, of my moments tonight, I can see two or three interesting features, which I've been noticing recently. Awareness of flow… is like astral light… (This volume presence, within the self, seems to be dimensional consciousness awareness, itself. Maybe consciousness awareness, is like the splashing, of the ever arising, billowing futures, upon ones physique, and neuronal net... upon ones inward turning.) Secondly, I can recollect, an lengthy experience from my early 20s, where I first saw, that this inner consciousness, can be attuned, or redirected, by higher mind, to the areas of electrical conductivity, copper wires, behind the walls, of my house. My experience, (I didn't request it consciously... this was an life changing experience, however...) then stepped up, several degrees, and I got distinct impressions, of phenomenal, subatomic overtness... a polarized, consciousness, I had then. I remember listening, appropriately, to Jimi Hendrix. Alot. So, this experience was of a kind of ultra-real, literally surging, 'dance of atoms,' , within my abode. You might can imagine, the feeling. Like ionized air, piqueing in a house, during an electrical storm, or a strange paranormal experience. Frizzed out. So, this would be far out.
You're sitting alone, in a room, there's furniture about. Within the walls of a house, is wiring, supplying the outlets, and ceiling fixtures, as well as appliances. Electric circuits flow through all the walls of most houses. You play your stereo, and music comes from conical transducers, which convert signals of electricity into vibrations, which can easily pass through the air all around. And, whilst these charged electrons, are flowing through the 'veins' of your house, there are the near light-speed energy oscillations, of an even stronger,

stranger sort, which are continually happening, within all dense matter... these orbits, and oscillations, lend to material objects, their dense qualities. Einsteins equasion: Energy of an object, equals = Mass x speed of light Squared. So, energy, and mass, are proportional... the speed of light remains constant. There is an highly attuned, state one can find, wherein electricity, becomes, the foremost aspect, of an habitat; superceding other perceptions, then, is the sense, of voltages, of charged particles, coursing, or surging behind the plaster, and wallpaper... electrified music, rock music, therein is a high energy experience... (this can also be a neutral plane, of consciousness, one might find... more reified, so much more spiritual, I feel than psychedelics, or psychosis, which I guess in some conditions, could be imposed, upon the mind, or which the mind could fall into... not naturally present, otherwise.) Awareness, of subatomic, waves, or particles... this energy... whether or not readily, or properly analogous, to such actual energies present, within dense matter... is nonetheless a powerful experience, a powerful, just overt, thing, to perceive. Perhaps, this experience, is recollected within me now, a reckoning, or a reminder, of the universe of energy, a meditation, for bringing the mind into awareness, of the energy underlying all matter, and life... or as a cautioning. Magic, novelty, is all about. The world is created by choices, and it is empowered, and brought to life, by countless miracles, and expressions, which are continuously happening everywhere, on just every level. There is also a subtle energy, that which flows through the perceptual and sub-perceptual planes. So, we just can't let ourselves take the world for granted. The world holds together, because millions of hands, are forever creating and maintaining, and enlivening it. So, this is good to know. And, when someone feels pretty good, he or she then can do pretty good works. Physical discomfort may be the only thing preventing you from accomplishing your life ambitions, however humble they may be.

Additional thoughts upon, energy, mass, and light... E=mc2 is a true, equasion. It factors out. This we understand, through our minds... the eyes of truth... through which the universe, knows itself. I know... because I weigh, things. This suffices, for knowing. The ranges of the variable, to the constants, seems proportionally in the right range. So, as I weigh things, over time, I learn about natures... I learn of relationships, like action and consequence... hunger, and fulfillment... alertness, and distraction. Waking, and sleeping. I learn, of equality. So, energy, varies, according to mass... and the speed of light... is a constant, in that equasion... mass, could be the variable. More mass, equates to more energy. The constants, of chemistry... like the constants, in physics... as long, as you stay, in sight of the constants... everythings fine. You can make small changes, here and there... but these changes won't necessarily be supported, by the system. Or supported, by the universe. So, the Theosophists, I feel, are probably accurate, in seeing how, we have to remember... the universe, is all inclusive, and is therefore a constant. Writers such as H.P.B. seemed to suggest, that the universe, is as the universe does. When we observe, inanimate matter, over time, it reacts the same ways, toward changes, made to itself. An ecological environment, for example... if you practice, farming techniques, which abide by wholistic farming rules... you won't loose the topsoil... the economy won't suffer. I say this, because I know this. Farming today, when made sustainable, doesn't really impact the environment adversely.

So, in living, I find, the world I knew, as a youngster... its density, and permanance... but I've acquired a new language, for myself... one through which to bring, the soul, into awareness, of itself... and highlighting the mechanics, of a philosophy of mind. So, philosophy of mind, is a unique field of study, where words matter.... the balance, flow, and poetic harmony, of an idea, within itself, and attendant idea families, have equal importance, as to whether it is empirically factual. You see, the language, of logic, opens up, and one finds, then, a limitless eleysium. And, the mind finds its home, within the human brain... and the 5 or 10 watts, of neural energy, which bring it to life... simply allow, it to remain healthy, and alive. Thoughts, form, or arise, of external and internal poetrys, delved from material constructs... for these, when seen in contrast, or as complement, to ones own record keeping, and written word... draw through and amongst the ins and outs, of word flow, of craft arrangements, an aetherial light energy... a forward momentum, or organic progression... which is generated,

by comparative self-analysis, as internal patterns... arcs, angles, lines... shapes, circular, triangular... symmetrys, and asymmetrys... chaotic elements... like randomness, in composition... rhythm and rhyme, and so forth... appear to the eyesight, to flow, and I've found, lead the mind aethers, inwardly and outwardly, along their inner poetrys, and external harmonies... one with the other. 'So, there may well, be an universe, which runs parallell to this physical one... but, it's a living Spirit, for want of better word, the mind. So, while, we know, here we're the living ones, and the dense physical universe, is home... those inhabitants, within the gray areas, of life... the mists, which collect in corners of rooms, and drape things, like a veil, upon the world... are just as equally adapted, unto their own position and pay, and roles, and boundaries, as we on this side are... and both, each have such pride, and permanance, and subtleties, within themselves... pastimes, and traditions. Conventions, and priorities, and standards.' 'So, it may well be, that there's a far more classical, timeless civilization, just to the other side of the veil... I think such realm, would be just as dependent upon us, as we are of them. So, together, seeming to form one whole... inwardly, and figmentary... and dense, and heavy. You can't have the one, without the other. The two dimensions, to the coil... solid, and aether.' 'And so, finding non-ordinary states of consciousness, I have always wanted to transpose, these things onto the page. With me, consciousness can have such extremes... my learned response, has for years been to get myself to the word processor keyboard. This should come across, to the reader or listener... there's what might be termed, an ecstatic sort of verve, in much of this writing. So, I hope the listener, can find works, which are appropriate, for the time in which they are created... this 21st century, of wonders.'

SPATIO-SPIRITUAL
AWARENESS

WAVES IN THE WATERS, OF THIS ROCK POOL, form concentric emanations, converging, and traversing, the deep middle. Irridescent light reflections, create sparkles and facets, within the dark crystalline surface. Lamp-light falls upon the one side, of the spreading tree branches...while the other, is whispering darkness. A painterly scene, which describes, a breezy night. As I describe this night, I am growing conscious, of my minds volume, and multi-dimensionality. Beyond its reaches, there is no night... no consciousness, of night, nor day. Consciousness, is its own light, illuminating the present now, for myself, (and thereby indicating, presence, of the land, of no-time, within which my consciousness is suspended. I'll stay on this side.) Other, worlds, are beyond, and elsewhere, within the matrix, which lies between... but of the oceanic, depths, of the spaces between: dimensional references, such as time, place, distance... therein lose all meaning... all relevance. When once, one learns to be aware, of both positive, and negative, space, of a scene... the surface tension fluctuations, upon the boundary, separating the two, (place, and no-place,) becomes ongoing narrative... a never-ending story, and one thereby knows, an philosophers stone. So, having, an awakened, mind, can be, the sort of sense of boundary... when one knows, set boundaries... he or she knows also, a command, over his expressive, abilities. And having, full command, over ones own expressions, this allows, one to be artistically experimental. So, this is how it seems, to peer forth, from my psyche, this night. Recently, I've been seeing, how empty space, the volumes, of atmosphere, about our living... must be, such a dimensionless land. So, and the light sources, nearby, are that, because ones brain, perceives them, to be. So, this which we perceive, about ourselves... (those of us gifted, with spatio-spiritual awareness, etheric consciousness, anyway...) appears to the mind, to be somewhat of a void... the boundary, separating, the outsides, from the insides... appears, to be our skin... and upon its surfaces... especially, around the ears, eyes... voice area... nose, and mouth... appears, to be a convergence, of sea... shore, and sky... waves, suck continually, upon the shingles, of this shoreline... another writer, on clouds: Does the inside, define the outside... or does the outside define the inside? But one things for sure... continnual frictional pressing, downward, upon my subpsyche... whether it's oceanic, or atmospheric... the pressing is a constant. So, and great, gentle beings... form a thrall,

seeming to arise, from within the void... catching, my consciousness, pulling corners... peering inside... within my world... through the windows, of my eyes. Guides, and companions come in close, most times. Astral rain... let it pour. Downspouts... help send the water, down and away... about my feet. I just think it's important, that we see these notions. They hang out, around the eaves and rafters, of these rooms. And, so, perceptions, can vary, from moment to moment. (Largely dependant upon the spin-offs, the by-products, of sentient forms, in time and space... the mists, arising forth...) And it's not even, as if the man upstairs is even trying to conceal this from ourselves. He makes no quibble about letting us know... perceptions, can be challenging, to negotiate, to navigate... chaos, and distortion, are par for the course. This, I guess, is why the mind is sometimes seen a testing ground, a grand illusion... myth, and rite, forming its recognizible semblances. So, does one see my point? I just think, it is not socially acceptable, or anywhere within convention, to maintain, or even believe, that the world disappears, when we close our eyes. It just won't. So, we living upon earth presently, are alive, and now is now, here. But, it seems, there are those, who have at one time or another, been placed under anaesthesia, or been knocked unconscious in an accident... without definite continnuance of consciousness, boundaries, can get blurry... one might, sway, and entertain thoughts, that he or she, didn't even survive the procedure... and that his or her life presently, is within the adjacednt plane of existance, from the previous. He or she is in an kind of transient, heavenly sphere, where rules are still the same, but, the mind gets a little swimmy. Or, the illusion, that one never dies... but see the danger? So, these are some of the effects, I experience, in my life. Here's a thought: See, ones own life, from the inside... along, ones internal volumes... and be yourself... don't worry about outside views. Be within yourself.

WRITING
AS ALCHEMY

WHEN ONE HOPES, TO LOOK WITHIN, his or her mind, and subconscious mind... he might, sit before, a computer keyboard. To look at, what this or another day is saying, unto ones self... this can require, a simple flowing, of words, onto the printed page... for, in midst, of the ordinary, can come, the marvellous... when one remains attuned, as to the negative spaces, about the self... and incorporates, both positive, and negative, attributes, of the space you're within. So, in writing, tonight, I am conscious, of the great joy, which comes, with, seeing these words, unfold, onto the page... I am thinking, about, the future... my own future, that of Earth... and gingerly directing, the reins, of this article, this way and that, and especially, weighing, ideas, and forms, as they are placed, upon the page... and feeling, the subtle, rewards. So, perhaps, firstly, tonight... this writing, is an discernment... and having, attuned, within my feelings, sense, that my present words, onto the page, are a sort, of alchemy, of that which, usually, becomes the predominant, characteristic, within publishing... the passive, reflective sort, of experiential modality, which, seems so, very profound... thru writing, or just placing words, upon the page, my whole mind, begins to smile, as I really can see, how, the functioning writer... is a joyous being. So, looking within, is an unbinding, and an releasing, of positive feelings from within, the subconscious mind. I may not, always, know, topically, what will be covered, within this or another article... but just incorporating, a very small amount of adventure, into my day... this zephyr, or that... one or another trade wind... I am very conscious... at times, of key beings, within my own ancestery, and joyous, in this allowance, onto the page... that, which might, be very important, to myself... within writing... had I not looked within, well, I would never have known. So, and there's, a lot of importance, to myself, in keeping, my personal wheels turning... I would, refrain, from remaining the same, for too much time, at a stretch... the positive changes, I am able, to highlight, and negotiate, and navigate, through a new written article... well, another handhold... within this sometimes tumultuous ocean. Another, footstep, on the path, of recent ideas, into my own future.
So, time has gone by, and I can see, that my mind and senses, are often employed, along alchemical lines... what I mean by that, is thus: I have already seen, how one of the main

rewards, of being within Western culture, today, is security... we need it... we desire it... and having it, are seen to thrive, in countless ways. We establish ourselves, within the world, and tirelessly work, to keep, and ensure, this establishment. So, myself, finding, great sensitivity, over time, to subtle varieances, in the air composition, about my self... in staying connected, to the spirits, of things, creatures, times, and just everything, within the world... (it isn't too much trouble, for myself... to stay posted on, and sometimes, over space of time, interact within, the ever-evolving spiritual ethos... of my home, and those of other ideas, and places... beings, establishments, and institutions, all within this Earth...) I find myself, often led to put my thoughts, upon the written page. So, and just all these, to an extent... are mainly, my personal relevancies, with times, places, people, and groups, and cultures, within my own culture... My inner ears, are so very receptive, and discerning... to subtle varieances, in the air composition, believe it or not... about my self... does this or that, pertain to myself, or is it an interest... more or less... my subtle receptivity, keeps me informed. So, and this, these things, then, is my reason, for writing these words... to an extent... I write, to interface, and interact with the evolving times, about myself... so, there's sort of, an alchemical relationship... between, my inner ear, receptors, and my verbal, or language, area. So, I feel, the art of writing, for myself, is almost always, a subtle transmutation, of that which comes through peripheral channels, which I find from within inner ear, or cochlea... into, and through the agency, of language... onto my pages. So, these words, are, most commonly, written, as a sort of balancing maneuver, or self-righting, of my boat... an written response, to the energies, encountered, within my senses, solely from non-referrential sources, or modalities. So, if it wants, to show up, within the page, it will be a useful gadget, or observation, or device... a turn-of-phrase, an inventors, sort, of relationship... to the subtle, always evolving, lives, and times, of those about myself... and this place, I find myself within... this land, or this day, and age.
So, I hope reader, will, receive these words, and see how, art... literature, music, visual art, style and design is often, in responce, to subtle signals... which one finds psychic relationship with. Have a pleasant weekend.

NATURAL
RESTORATION

LOOKING OUTSIDE, BEING AT REST, in an natural environment, for more than an hour at a stretch, as I have this week... has given me glimpses, into the idyllic lands, of this ecosystem. For at least, ten thousand years, animal life, in North America, has existed, in relatively unchanging ways... crawling, amongst the grasses... hopping, across the underbrush... burrowing, beneath the surface, of the soil... the birds of the air... which are ken, to spend so much time, in trees... all these beings, belong to the Mother Earth. Nature... doesn't have religion, as we think of it... but she has religion, of her own. Never, has there been a technological advancement... made by an animal... she knows not, just what is a printing press... neither does commerce, nor money have relevance, to her, much. The internal combustion engine, was an invention, which entirely passed her by... her existance, remains more or less unchanged... untouched, by electricity... the lever, and the pulley, are foreign concepts... far too complex, for her simple needs. This afternoon, looking at the honeybees, and bumblebees, skitting around, lazily, from clover frond, to frond... the butterfly, going along, landing, on the honeysuckle, upon the fence... shiny black birds, grazing in the grass, all day long, each day... the robin, tending her young... the priestly cardinal, overseeing things... gazing over all, with penetrating, flashing eyes... and along comes the two yellow dogs, from the house on the corner, making their rounds, through the neighborhood. Nature, knows unbroken time... to her, with the sunshine above, and temperatures mild, in this part of the country, this week... well, today is just as glorious a day, as ever there was... ever. Animals, in my guestimate, today, know a smooth, unbroken continnuum, of existance... ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Never, has an animal, made a mark, upon a parchment... or had a car payment... her lands, and ways, are unchanging... there is but this one, habitable planet, here... she finds herself, joyous, in travelling, through

her cycles... pupae, or larvae... to full grown insect... eggs hatch... a juvenile bird, learns to fly... a wolf, starts as a pup, and suckles, at her mothers breast... finally leaving birth family, for new family... for the wilds beyond, and finding a mate, of her own. So, so far, as we know, here, there is just this one Earth...but the instincts, of the animal spirit... I think, she probably knows... those natural signs, which mean winter is on its way... or the other way around... warmer weather is coming... fly north. life, has been upon this planet, for so long... in fact, she probably has subconscious instinctual rememberance... of times, suggesting an interglacial period, is near... or like the present... more is spoken, of coming ice age. (Or, how would we know, if she did? Or didn't... maybe not always a conscious mind, is the animal... if we but know how to ask, she might would say.) The dimensions, of the universe, are a correlate of its age. creation, is vast... it is also vastly old. And, this goes, I feel, for Earth as well. So, and some of the recent archaeological discoveries... or geological... Fossil human footprints, have been found, in just million(s) years old rock. See? What this does for myself, is a kind, of a 'second wind,' an renewal, in faith... our species, our times and places on Earth... this isn't antiquity! It's not modernity, either! There's only the one habitable planet, and we're upon it. No need, really to scan the night skies, for signs of life, or intelligence... when we can understand, the gentle language, of wild animals... well, we can easily see, some varied examples, of life, which comes about, when, as upon this planet, climates are hospitable, or amenable, unto that life existing. These, are some examples... we can find, within the back yard, or in a pond... so, isn't that just amazing? , and those ideas, about nearing ice age... pertain, I think, mostly, to the spike, in temperatures, which sedimentary geological records, reveal, in the past... just before, ice ages, have caused widespread glaciation. So, and will nature, tell you the same? Probably not, from amongst local fauna, in most places... but it's just that the geological records, do. So, this would really change, life upon Earth. The other possibility, is I guess the greenhouse effect... but it just seems like, humanitys carbon footprint, might could cause such. But, with rising temperatures, presently, the long-range outlook, is probably, an glacial period... which may last, far longer, than has this present inter-glacial, time.

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The varied examples, of living beings, which we find, within this corner, of our Milky Way Galaxy... are right here, within the back yard, or in the local park. The flora, and fauna, to be found, upon Earth, are typical, of this particular patch, of space-time. I do, feel that if more of us, were aware, of the web of life, about human culture, we would, rather, than feeling the lonliness, which the night sky radio backdrop, would suggest... (no signs, really, of intelligent life, or civilisation, can be found... seemingly... no inteligent beacons, from beyond...) grow, into somewhat more mature, understanding, of those creatures, which we do find... and begin to uncover, this conscious universe, in so much, as it shows up, upon this temperate planet Earth. Or, is Nature, less than conscious... forever enfolded, within the dreams of matter? At any rate, the truth, of space exploration, has revealed, that those other planets, within our solar system... are such in-hospitable, harsh environments... that life, as we know it, really has no foothold, therein. This Earth, however, is more amenable, to life, in general... and has been since time immemorial... and, is virtually teeming with life. So, and seeing this, then should, give us, this understanding: Had, it not been such divine providence, within the spans, of Eternity... arranging, it to be such that Earth's orbit, is just so tuned, for biological organisms... ourselves, and other animals, and plants should thrive here... then, our little solar system, would be as un-remarkable, as the others, we have been able to discern, around neighboring stars. Environments, throughout, would be just as barren, and lifeless... as the common rocks, and planets, elsewhere. You see... we are human... we use tools... we make them, and employ them, within extensive information gathering agencies... of all sorts... research, is the name of the game, within todays universities, and this lays foundations, for industrialised society, as we have construed it.... and since, we use tools... then, ourselves, or our fathers... or our fathers fathers... within lands above... aeons ago, noticed this planet, and began, through un-numbered seasons, of

change, and inertia, within this solar system, to look down, over many epochs, upon the Earth... and beginning, to shape, the subtle orbital and axial relationships... from within upon high... 'round about our star, the Sun, started the gradual, process, of suggesting... this planetary sphere. Herein, humans, form the topmost beings, within the food chain... while, animals, are generally subservient, unto us, or dwell within the wild. So, it appears, to my mind, to be that our human kind, is the chief species... animals, and plantlife, then form our multi-tiered urchin fold... our subjects... we dwell together... each relys, upon the other. Animals, form an sort of organism, of many... an fairy-tale host.. could it be, then, that nature, has looked, upon our human kind, seen our bipedal locomotion, and the digits we have upon our hands; she has deputised, ourselves... into being the eyes of the world... an information gathering-stewardship relationship. Or, could it be that we are the only species, with smarts, enough, to rise above... those dreams, of matter? Either postition could be argued. Another writer, might see, the Lux Naturae... the light within Nature... to be a conscious presence... which we ourselves, might grow wise unto... and understanding the highest ideals, of the human mind, to be but distantly kin to, and emulative of, Nature. Still another, soul, would see that, to be the reading too much into nature, and instead, of dreaming, simply derive, what resources, we can from plants, animals, and the soil, water, air, and sunlight... and carry on, within wise stewardship, of the lands... and ensure, however, that our unique species, remains wholly distinct... from any and all fauna... and this, so as to ensure, the integrity, and distinctness, of what means it to be human. So, really, these are modern perspectives, within our human culture.. Each may be valid. I think, that Nature, is a healer, within herself, and for ages, man has sought, occasionally, and individually... a return to nature. For, she will tend to admit, the human, a ways, into her society... if shown, a human soul should wish for an 'personal return,' to wholeness. So, there will always, be ones, who like myself... have drawn nurturance and sustenance, from the common bonds with natural life... nature, forms a sort of respite, from the ways of men and women... for when, the world has worn me thin, I return to a place of quietude, within the back yard, or upon a mountaintop. So, and then, however, I take leave, of her, and return to my own kind. So, this is the relationship... she's a healer... and I enjoy solitude, within natural environs. Exposure, to natural environs, for long at a stretch, can give positive rewards... a deepened respect, for natural symbiots, with ourselves, and ecosystems, which depend, partly, upon our responsibility and stewardship. So, then, a better relationship, to the natural ecology, or a more conscious expression, of relationship, can sponser, more of a conservationist ethos, within ourselves, and those, who come into contact with ourselves. So, a greener, better, more intact world.

THOUGHTS
UPON WRITING

WHEN ONE WANTS TO KNOW, more about the present, than can be gleaned from surface appearances, he or she will, if so inclined, return to the word processor keyboard, and begin looking within. Writing, is one thing, a person can do, which seems to re-affirm, good of ones essential self. This is to say, that the art of writing, is so entirely from within ones own self... the will, to dream, or to weigh, and feel and see, the ranges, of thoughts, which come about, from the beginning of a paragraph... testing, the nearness, and distances, of information, within the real dimension... reaching within, connecting and inter-joining, of language symbol possibilities... and following, the words onto the page, with my eyesight. This, is such a 'whole self,' sort of endeavor... the visual perceptions, become the subtlest, most reflective, of sensors... looking upon, the words, coming to be upon the page... and weighing them, for 'rightness,' for balance, and harmony... this is the being, of ones self... and stepping from within, the reflective, contemplative, experiential modality... where one finds, oneself, so often, during times 'in between,' writing sessions... when 'new thought,' is percolating. So, and one allows, his or her self, to dream... and exercise the poetic faculty... the ability, to rein in, the nether reaches, within his or her self... the bringing together, of the loose strands, of thought, which he or she has been following... and applying, an idealistic,

sort of criteria, for ideas... one remembers, the quietude, within nature, for instance... when animals, are resting, and looking down, upon the person in the yard. Or, envisioning, of the magical... or of the mystical, sorts of lands, to be found within memory... for it is words, like these, which can take on the rich, patina of time... as they become read, and re-read, within future lands. One, herein wonders, at the possibilities, then, which reside, near unto waking awareness... when a watercolor pallatte, has a rainbow, of colors... one can choose, the gray, tones... but why not, the more evocative, hues... when time, becomes the artisan, the simple freedom, to choose, now, can become, the very special places, found within, an colorful future. So, and todays, discomforts, and aches, become entirely forgotten, within any given tomorrow... and the wisdoms, which we can gain, as we see... the muddy, and clouded... becomes, the clear, and tranquil; time works this wonder. So, and weighing, these words, now... I recollect, that the worlds, of thought, and imagination, when kept within, the mind, are means, to the weighing, and testing, of ideas... without actually speaking them, or placing them upon the page... while writing, we might incorporate, these recent ideas... we might give them unto the page, having seen, their worth, and value, from the mere reflecting upon them... we are allowed, to see ways, they make one feel... before, making them our own.
So, these are some of the perceptions, around the art of writing, today... the sort of solid, lands within which I often dwell. I know, then, those kinds of words, which might allow, a positive experience... I know, then, a nice, mellow light wave frequency... and am able to put such onto the page. So, this which the reader, can find, are often seen to be, a kind of feeling around, within my present moment... and weighing, and perceiving, the ways the stable, thoughts look and feel, as they are placed upon the page. So, and importantly... these things are well familiar, unto myself... were I just beginning, a path of writing... I know, I would often be at a loss... when today, writing often comes about, as I feel most distanced, from 'blissful states of mind,' and when I am, sometimes just so distracted, by dystension, and discomfort, within my consciousness. I don't think, that the beginning writer, would see these sorts of places, to be starting points, for good writing... I think I wasted a lot of my time, as a 25 year old, from failing to make this 'writing connection,' from missing out, on what might be the most fertile, and rewarding writing sessions, I might ever find. So, today, I've learned to 'empower,' myself... when I feel weak, I reach for the word processor keyboard... a tool... and simply, get back up on my feet. And then, I have found, perhaps, an important key, for myself... my present work, is carried, to greater fullness, as I have discovered, an new handhold, or step stone, along my writing path. So, for just all of these reasons, 'the art of writing,' is a topic, from which I can usually, find worth. Coming from a place, of magnified inner consciousness, a micro-cosm, which blends in readily, with the macro work. And, then, these words, seem so un-pretentious, as I find, they're completely 'from the heart,' and self-referrential... not styled, in any particular way, formally... not bowing, to the hot topics, of this present day and age... instead, they're natually construed, and delved of the commonplace.
Tags: light energy, new thought, lighthouse, the within, art of writing, past light
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perspectives - 2008::2010Jul 11, '10 8:48 PM
by Greg for everyone
Geo-Physical

Perspectives

From my recent article, 'Gaining Perspective,' the following paragraph, is essentially, the most thorough, and I feel, insightful, segment, from the overall article.: '...So our magnetic field and the suns are intricately woven, or meshed into one looping, symbiotic fabric. This, then, is the underlying framework of subspace reality which binds all the local planets and life with the sun, our moon and other nearby stars, and forms a small extension of the

galactic subspace fields. It's no wonder our relative inner experience changes from day to day, as the underlying fabric is continuously surging and ebbing and flowing, and influencing our senses and predispositions.'

When I grasped this, earlier today, in reviewing this writing, I re-read, and re-read this to myself, several times. So, perhaps, you also, can see, as I can. This, I feel, has so very much, relevance, to living today, because, it is so frequently seen, that astro-physical phenomena, shape our inner realms... maybe much more so, I feel, than we may be ready to admit. So, some time ago, I recognised this pertainance of astrology... however, I am able to glean, as much, or more, from astronomy, alone. Because, for those people, who do not really change much, from day to day, of themselves alone, then, those really 'shaping' phenomena, within themselves, are just as usually, those current phenomena, which 'break the surface,' in the astronomy community, or those, which may or may not make it to PBS (Public Broadcasting System.) So, I think, for those who struggle, with a 'writers mind,' or 'artists mind,' and find broad, and sometimes extreme, energy fluctuations, or otherwise, 'mood swings,' or cope, with how, to understand, and then, modulate ones inner energy, then astronomy writing, is my intuitive answer. I do think, the astronomies, and astrologies, of a day, have so much bearing, on the individual. So, do you see, astronomy, sometimes, can be factored in, to our minds eye… I figure, if I knew enough, about our solar system, and the neighboring stars, planets, and extrasolar objects, and events, within the local group, and nearby galaxy space, then I could really grasp, the origins, or sources, of phenomena, I sometimes can face.

Also of interest then, from this article, are these words below:

'Other energies which may influence life on earth:

Gigantic boulders and smaller rocks and more conspicuous comets are continually coursing throughout the heavens, snaking and twisting thru the larger stellar bodies' magnetic fields. Countless loops and slingshots are continually accellerating and transforming... morphing the trajectories of just countless interstellar objects, some local to our solar system, and other tremendous boulders and fast-moving bodies and ejecta rising and falling up out of the galactic stew.'

So, oft enough, I will forget, about the varied astro-physical phenomena, and the sometimes complex and profound ways, they have impacted myself, as the weeks and months, merge into a tapestry of years. I tend to look, more at the human factors, of the world as a whole, before I gradually recollect, the much broader, panopoly, and undfoldment, of cosmologic cycles, and phenomena.

~

Whenever I feel like writing, then I do so. It matters little, whether or not there is anything in particular on my mind... but it can be a sense of changing times, so much, which forms the mystery, I will write from. The reader, might have already been capable, of gleaning this, of these writings. So, starting a flow of words, onto the page, I can feel, the progressing, of my writers mind, the writers dance, coming into being, as word choice possibilities, come to the fore. It only needs my awareness, of the flow of moments, joined with my command of the written language symbols, I use, onto the page, and another presence, is born. So, this is, to myself, the way I have chosen… whatever practice, or discipline I’m calling it, whether it be sketching, or piano, or writing, or even scrapbooking… A mode, thru which a person can engage with, or participate in, the progressing moments. If the practice is being recorded, or placed on lasting media, then one brings his or her fluency, or adeptness to bear… i.e. being a writer, is easier… more immediate, or direct, if I have command over a keyboard. So, gradually, I realised, that art will imitate life, and the living experience… when the artist is experienced, at his or her practice. The early days, of a career, might just not be as well

adapted… emotionally, speaking, but I think, the artist may find those projects, are really better… there's something, to be said for mastering ones craft, but the mystery, and magic, of the process itself, might not be as pronounced… living is awesome, and magic, to a younger person… finding endless facination, in the art of verbalising, children are often prone to being talkative… but this may receed, with adulthood. So, and this figures right into, the art of looking within… I know, myself… I'm pretty experienced, at being me… this is what it takes, to look at ones craft, objectively. But it's really in the process, of creating, when I learn what's beneath the surface, of my mind. This is the dance, or presence, I find, thru my practice. Wouldn't a person, if he could see, evidence of his future, do this? See what I mean? It requires putting something, onto the page… such is the way, I can get a clear image, of a lasting way… and importantly, I can have input, or interface… have conversation, amongst a clear, lasting project. Oh, so… the ways people, take the language, for granted… or heap baggage, onto one or another language symbol… Is one laying snares, for himself… or is he or she only peering over the cloudcover? Seeing fartherer? Well, the way I see it, those artistic merits, or accomplishiments, on the page, form a set of clear markers, or handholds… by which one participates, in a range of natures, or super-natures… is the time, more pronounced, today, or less… what stands out… past, present, or future? So, where does it hurt? So, to me, the messages, I get, from my prime media experience… when the topic, is in any way about, or speaking of, climate change… in a dramatic, or drastic way… then, you can be sure, that once I separate truth from fiction, I will begin writing, or recording, more frequently. Because, then, you see, these sensibilities, within my solar plexus, come forward; this is where I find my sense of earth energy flows, and fluctuations. And, this is not, a really bad feeling… for thoughts, of planet earth… the natural universe, well, one is truly at ease, or home… this is my home planet, perhaps, or I connect, in my mind, the earth and heavens, with a vast sense of mystery, or majesty. For, it is upon a cosmic timescale, where the planets and stars and nebulae dwell. The spaces of time involved, the looms thru which we weave… the combs, yarns, or threads are millions of times longer, than the day to day earth-time experience… night and day. Or a year. Yet, here we are, upon Earth. A living planet… maybe not Aarakis, from Herbert's Dune, but a far more magical, wonderous living reality… in the vast Now. So, through our powerful interstellar sensors, such as telescopes, radio telescopes, probes and satellites… we can gain an appreciation, of the ages, of our system, and the surrounding universe. So, it is upon this sensory pallate, of markers and handholds, that we become aware of such an effect as climate change, or systemic fluctuations, in Sol, nearby quasars, and other recent cosmic happenings, and the many finite characteristics, of the perceivable electromagnetic heavens.

Sea, Shore,

and Sky

The physical self, has an astral counterpart. Ones ideas of the self, are found, within the physical form... Ones mind, describes a sphere... ones environment, say, a room… subtle feelings are present, within the spaces, of the room. But the self concept, is definitely most connected, where the conscious mind, and neurons, are perceived, within the subtle musculature, of the psyche. Within my self, there is an intricate nervous system. So, now, at the outset, of writing, my self concept, is most apparent, around my diaphragm, above my belly… breathing, is created, by the action of my diaphragm, pulling upward, into my chest area. There's a good connection, betwixt ones breathing, and his or her most pronounced, sense of self. So, in the now, my mind seems to reside most with, or rest upon, my breath control... the muscles, involved in breathing. This may be, the sense, of my respiratory system as a whole... up, from my abdomen, following along my bronchial pathway, out thru my nose, and mouth. This is why, meditation practices, are usually centered, upon the breath... and breathing. Where else, is there such a sense, of personal identity, for the breath is where ones conscious being, intersects the subconscious, or autonomic, nervous

system. This, then, is the mind-body connection, the place, where the ocean, meets the dry land, and the sky. This is a metaphor, for conscious mind… as I begin to write, my inner awareness descends, somewhat, to the level of my breathing, hemmed in, by the lapping waves, of my sub-psyche. And now, I become receptive, to the subtleties, of my mind, and language. I simply observe, my breathing... in amongst, my other conscious reaches. One doesn't have to exert, in order to breathe. It's happening, like a process, in the background, or foreground, of my awareness. I feel, as though, I don't even have to exert, in pressing keys on my keyboard... perhaps, my mind, has merged, with the music in my headphones... and I'm a dancing light, in the center, of my mind. I'm a sprite, turning, and turning, at the heart, of my being. Thoughts, will arise, from anywhere, within... they rise, break the surface, of my awareness... ideas, are like, the faintest, tiniest bubbles, which rise to the surface... generated, perhaps, by a subtle energy, as it moves, over and around my astral body. Thoughts, always have subconscious origins. It is through grace, that one creates... and he or she depends, directly upon the work of thought prayer, for ever seeing beyond, the self. Just so many, kinds of thoughts, will occur to myself... it may be someone elses answer, which solves my dillemma; or mine, anothers. Almost everything, seen in the mind, is in the balance, of perception. If there's one basic tenet of the mind, it is, this mighty power, of perception. We, as people, are often at the mercy, of our perceptions, or that of the prevailing group. I think, that this is precisely why, we are so fond of beverages such as coffee. For, a hot, caffeinated drink, can change a mind, giving one willpower, to climb the next hill, even as signs, seem discouraging. And, most writers, use coffee, as a sacrement... one steps, into an essay, in the same sweeping motion, as he or she drinks a cup of coffee. And, this forms, the highlight of my day... settling down, to the very place, where the sea, meets the shore, and sky. This line, or threshold, as one is prioritised, around writing, occupies the whole of his or her awareness... this is really the mineaturization, and magnification, of all thought, and feeling, into one elesyial ground... the place, I guess, the climber knows, where all ongoing, and discomfort fades entirely away, breaking through, the wall, of all subconscious doubts, and other processes... full of transcendence, just like reaching a place, above the cloudcover. So, this is the place, the artist goes, to get away. Turn around, and your painting, or essay, is nearly finished. Bliss, has been regained. So, now... my computer mind, takes over, and I begin seeing, my larger picture. How, will I perceive, this writing, when it has been integrated, amongst the others... and, how will the overall picture be improved? It's all so related... so interconnected... the power of perceptions… self-perception can shape, everything else. So, one would to, practice tantric meditation, amongst his or her being; this, then, is recorded, through writing... the window, on to the mind, and perceptions... the thought experience, expressed, through time.

~

In the following article, I'll try to demonstrate, the premise that I've settled upon, in particular, that stream-of-consciousness art, music, and poetry forms a basis for understanding of ones own heart. Through stream-of-consciousness writing, one also comes to perceive many, many non-personal, or collective themes, and ideas, illustrating the inter-connectedness of all life upon Earth, and within the heavens. These are predominately parapsychological perspectives, but are closely tied in to the artist experience as a whole, especially the writers inner life, and discernment and divination of ones now, through writing.

Whenever new writing arises, from the mists of my mind, and spirit, I usually don’t see it, unless it’s input, onto media, like this web page, because it’s the lasting characteristics, of my writing, thru which I am, finally able to evoke a discernment. I key the words in, as rapidly as I can, to grasp, the feeling within, and beneath the flows. Because, this is something, so ephemeral… at times, it can seem like words don't come as readily... so I await, my first opportunity, for writing. Often, I like to return, my mind to a blissful state... I cross patches of time, where I'm not really comfortable… or too generally distracted, to see

very far, beneath surface, of my mind. So, one really has to be sensitive, to the encompassing spirits... this may seem to be an ether... these aires, within which inhabit my thoughts. Now I know, that words are coming fairly gracefully... so I do expect more, will follow… and, will rise, to the surface of my consciousness.

I hope, thru writing, that I can somehow convey, to the reader, the truly dizzying way, the mind has, of crawling, over first one corner, of my artists mind, then another. Do I imbue these words, with an immediacy, and vibrancy... or do I express a more of a translucent, or luminous place? Things like this shape, this writing... I am continually looking out, for new writing... I capture it onto the page, as surely, as I can. Science fiction, is really the way to look at all of these works, in fact... science, as something reasonably exact, and fiction, for something that never happened. One can see, my words drawn, so much, from the kind of mythic, or otherworldly, places of such writers as Frank Herbert, Issac Asimov, or Robert A. Heinlein. Surely, I must realise, that the energy in my works, is a close parallell, to those of such writers as these.

I often resource cosmic topics, and themes… our solar system, and the other nearby reaches of our Milky Way galaxy.

We dwell, within the fabric, of space-time. Within this matrix, are the stars, planets, planetoids, asteroids, just all moving objects, in our system. I would love, to have a real-time computer feed, or readout, for information, regarding the local stellar environment... our own sun, included. I can see myself, sitting at my computer, monitoring the spectroscopic, electromagnetic, and other signs, in real-time, given off by all the planets in our system, our sun, and the local stars, along with their astrological subtext, as an means for interpretation, and each and every other interstellar object, and event, within one light year, (a measure of distance) from Earth, like asteroids, or quasars, pulsars, and other energy releases.

You have probably read articles, in the past few months, and years, about the sun... there is some mystery, as to why there have recently been climate changes, within the atmospheric planets, in our solar system.

This might be caused, by the electromagnetic radiation sent our way, by recent stellar events, like quasars, nearby in the galaxy. And, I do believe, that fluctuations within the energy signatures, thrown off by our sun, planets, and nearby events, (which forms the more masculine features, of the local space,) are always more predominately perceived, within the areas, of the solar plexus... is the term here used in the same way? So, we have the transponder, within our own hearts, for perceiving this data… when we can find the clues, that complete our puzzles. So… this fabric, of culture, here within Earths biosphere… perhaps, ones lower torso, conveys the broader energy fluctuations, of whatever prevalent phenomena, is ordering the days, in the now.

So, as I write these words, to you, tonight, there is a willingness, of my mind, to write. I wonder, how will the theoretical coming climate changes, and uncertainty pertaining to this, be seen, in the weeks and months ahead. How, can I discern, subtleties, of meaning, during these times of change… how can I internalise, this information. This is my primary question, tonight, as I struggle, to find structure, to this article.

I have to wonder, could there be a kind of a neurosis, at play, in the scientific community, pertaining to climate factors… aren't we only perceiving, that which we want to perceive? Or are our researchers only seeing, as pertains to this, the phenomena, which would suggest sudden climate change?

I know, I'll begin to have a great amount of patience, in separating our planets ongoing climate changes… (the biosphere, and atmosphere, of our Earth, is a perpetual engine of

change…) and these feelings, (as the information about this, sifts inward, to our conscious minds…) and the local stellar environment, including quasars and other phenomena, and especially, information pertaining to our star, the sun, and our planets moon, and nearby electromagnetic environs.

~

When a person goes about, to look beneath the surfaces, of his or her mind, he is looking upon past, present, and future, and lightly stepping onto the page, aware of the present tempo, of his or her mind... is the moment gradually unfolding onto the page... or is there a more of a pronounced and steady energy flow... rays of light coming from ones fingertips? Is there a stability, and bredth, to the now? If so, then such writing, seems to have a permanance, or to be reasonably well grounded.

So, the warmth, of the temperature in the room, for myself, is evocative, of a time of more settled nature. It is as if, my mind area, is embracing myself… I often, feel so alienated, by my own mind. But still, other times, there's more of a solidity, to my mind, within my space.

And, especially, I find this tempo, of the mind, the flow of moments included… I seem to be enfolded, within a shrine of years… more than weeks, or months. (these parcels of time, I feel intuitively, mostly thru the aid, of my ears… tuning into the ethos, of whatever music I'm hearing… the space, within the notes… and behind the sounds.) And it's little wonder, as my published works, in general, have, I think, a timeless quality… for I create all this, to last, over just years and years.

If I question, one part of my writing, over another, I then am given insight, in one form or another, as to how best, it should be seen. Or otherwise, I'll revise, or amend, one or another part of my all, to resolve greater congruency, within myself. And remembering such sci-fi classics as I have read, and seeing the fanciful qualities of my own works, always points the way, to clearer weather.

And, when everything seems to be in place, or expressing a higher, or more transcendent order, then I feel as if I've had a successful writing session. So, I have cobbled together, fashioned from disparate elements, a cohesive article. So, I forward it to yourself, I hope you enjoy it.

Endnotes:

ROCK SPRITES

Elementals represent times of change. One needn't be personally affected by an earthquake, or similar tectonic stressor, in order to find prescience, pertaining unto it.. and I think, things in this world are often seen, to be formed, over time, or built up, in layers. Our Earth, has been built up, over millennia... over billions, of years... since carbon-based life here, originally began. Science seems pretty myopic, or near-sighted, back beyond span of a billion years, I mean really... I myself have a difficult time visualising, or fathoming, such. I really just think, my human brain, can visualise, maybe a decade, twenty years, thirty at most. Beyond this, just numbers, and conjecture. So, and tectonic, geological fissures, and shiftings, cave-ins, and displacements, I think, can occur near the surface, of the crust, of the planet... or within strata which are much deeper, down toward the inner layers, of the planet. Magma, is really like the fluid-like, viscous change variable, which exists, within the core layers, and is sometimes seen to arise, within a fissure, or vein, to produce movement, or instability, at strata closer, to the surface, of the planet. So, and I think things, on Earth, are just often found to exist, within strata, or layers... advancing, or receeding, for instance, and might be seen, to be as along a Cartesian coordinate, graph. So, and this layering, or

building up, of strata, might could be seen to be a parallel analogy, to most any linear, system, or progression... that which is seen in time, and over time, to have clear past, present, and future existance. So, and does one see, how the astrological, the geological, and the cultural, and familial environment, can each be found, to be layered, or show strata... past, present, and future. (Understanding, the geological model, can be seen to be an basic sort of holon sphere, which I have, expressed to resemble a planet like Earth, with a visible, surface crustal layer, and progressively, inward strata, to a mantle, and center-point surrounded by a core.) So, then this, I think should help one to understand, how 'tectonic shiftings, and settlings,' can be found, at times, within each of the four environments, I've listed above.

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AUDIO BOOKS :: 2009-2010Jun 20, '10 6:28 PM
by Greg for everyone
STREAM
ENTRY

LOOKING WITHIN, THE SURFACE, of the empty page... tonight, or anytime... it can help, to have some knowledge, as to the 'in-roads, to good writing.' This to myself, is like what the Buddhaists term, 'stream entry,' in their way, of suggesting a flowing matrix... the passage of time, in relationship to oneself... as being, like unto putting a canoe, into a stream... entering the flow. Understanding, the language, today... thru having an portfolio, of finished essays... the world of language, and literature comes alive, for the one doing the writing... and can be seen to be such an rushing river, of life, and living. Seeing, my own works, in contrast to, or as complement, unto those of others... thus sets forth rhythms, and harmonies... poetrys... melodies, and rivulets of expression, which tend, to want to be placed upon the printed page. The internet, can enhance, so much, this process, as one perceives, like-minded souls, sharing ones group, or interest area. So, having stable 'inner realms,' from within which to interact, amongst ones culture... or tribe... can mean everything. There, was a period of time, in my life, from about age 20 or 21, lasting nearly a decade, within which I have seen I was just basically 'doing time,' sort of like an unawakened, or slumbering person... 'going through the motions,' was my answer, to the complicated life dilemmas, and dramas, I endured... the spin-offs, and by-products, of an un-enlightened soul. Through writing, music, and design, I have found the unchanging, lasting peace, amidst the ever-changing currents, and tides, of this 21st century. So, these are some thoughts, around art of writing, today. I still wonder, sometimes, of what the 'future' holds. These days, with sense of collective surety, and security running somewhat low... future can seem cloudy, or murky; it can help, to set forth, handholds within the future, by putting pen, to paper. Since, future continnuity, from this or that present... sometimes seems more or less, shaky... I have found, that by taking the reins, so to speak... of ones own future, in ways one knows how... one finds better sense of control. When, we are allowed, to banish mystery... we can do this, within language, upon the page... by setting the anchor down, within a new day... tomorrow. So, these things are great, to see. Beneath, the surface, of my mind, tonight... lines of written text, seem to appear as, layers, of an onion skin... (That which is revealed, as upon the page... are flowing, sequential language symbols, externalized, upon the media, or notebook...) And, there, is no place to go, or arrive upon, at all... save within this quality essay, or paragraph. So, one is reading... with no other purpose, than that of edification, of the spirit... this becomes, (one but hopes!) the best part, of the day, for the reader. What does this word mean, to 'edify?' A relationship, within the underlying, morphogenic landscape... to such effect, that an broader expanse, of inner topography, is, somehow illumined by light, from within itself... astral light, perhaps... for giving of better footing, and

perspective. The proximal glyphs, and icons, within ones subterrania, are seen, then, more clearly, as they begin emerging, from within the mists, all about. One looks, upon, his or her within, and finds... as many have... mankind's self-aware, or self-conscious formulations, tend, to generate a haunted menagorie, of shadows, and murky unknowns... there's just no comparison, man with animal... human configurations, but point toward, suggest at, the being of the simple faun, who knows, un-broken time... and like the soaring bird, is forever wrapped, within grace. But then, the hawk, or crow, would be hard put, to pick up a pen... much less, sit before a word processor, and write. So, the shadows, and murkiness, of the mind, are proof, and illustration, of how, the forms, set in stone, have integrity, and lasting characteristics... yet, that life on Earth, is continually in flux... always, becoming itself. The greater, the structural beauty, and complexity, of order... the more random, and even chaotic, may be the mind. Greater complexity of beauty, and structure... more chaotic, can seem the mind, of the master. For, the fossilized artwork, wants to be kept, simple, and serene. 'Good tying, yet, no one can un-do it.' See? The wisdom, within the aphorism, is the meaning, of the preceeding lines. On the music tab, above, can be found audiobooks, covering the years, of 1996-2010. I, now, have posted my complete 2009-2010 audio, bringing me up to the present. It's a pretty good listen... as I have found ways, to have a good part of the Rambletronics band sessions, as soundtracks, to this audiobook. I think, well, if Hal were still here, he would approve? Well, he's here in spirit, none the less, and the life he breathed into my fledgling piano abilities, now will live on... for these are lasting comments... which remain largly un-diminished, by passage of time. Anyways, enjoy yourself, and let these 'extensions of my self' brighten your way.

Sincerely,
Greg

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